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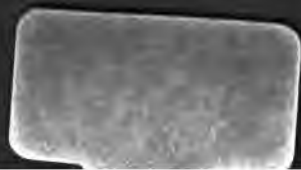
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G. A. Smith:

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BRASENOSE ALE.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

PRESENTED ANNUALLY

BY THE BUTLER

OF

BRASENOSE COLLEGE

ON SHROVE TUESDAY.



Σπείσω ταῖς Μοῖσαις. ὃ χαίρετε πολλάκι Μοῖσαι,
χαίρετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ὑμῖν καὶ ἐς ὕστερον ἄδιον ἔσσω.

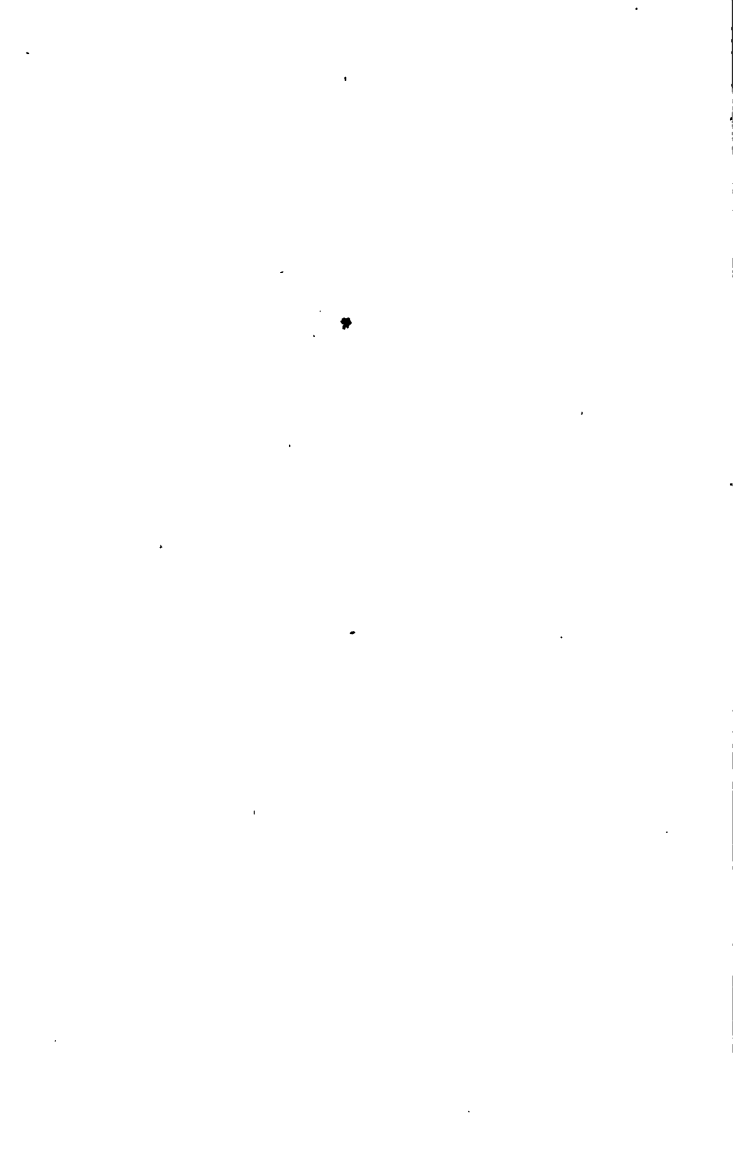
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OXFORD :

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION,
BY J. VINCENT.

1857.

*Gough Add. Oxford
8. 22. 2.*



INTRODUCTION.

A SERIES of Poems is here presented on a theme abundantly familiar to all Members of B. N. C. ; for whom alone, in all probability, the following pages will possess any interest. To them it may seem almost superfluous to mention that the Butler of the College is bound by immemorial custom to produce in Hall annually on Shrove Tuesday a copy of Verses in praise of the College Ale : accompanying which, a special brew is made for the day, and supplied *ad libitum* to every inmate of the College.

Though of late these Verses have been printed on each annual occasion, a desire has been expressed in many quarters for a compilation of such as are extant, whether in print or manuscript, in a form which might better conduce to their preservation. This desire is now acted upon : and it is hoped that, with all their faults, these ephemeral compositions, thus rescued from oblivion, will not be denied the interest of old associations.

The Butler feels it incumbent on him to state that, though personally responsible for the production of the panegyric, his acknowledgments are due to the Junior Members of the College, from some of whom he has never failed, on his request, to obtain a kind supply. This species of literary complicity is believed to have been always an understood arrangement; and may be traced by living tradition as far back as the time when the office of Butler was filled by a brother of Dr. Barker, formerly Principal of the College. The authorship thus acknowledged will suggest an explanation of the style employed in many of these effusions; and will, no doubt, furnish an apology, if such be needed, for a certain amount of personal license, from the application of which it will be observed that the Butler himself has not been allowed to remain exempt: though, in strict theory, it might be considered that he ought to appear as the spokesman in each poem.

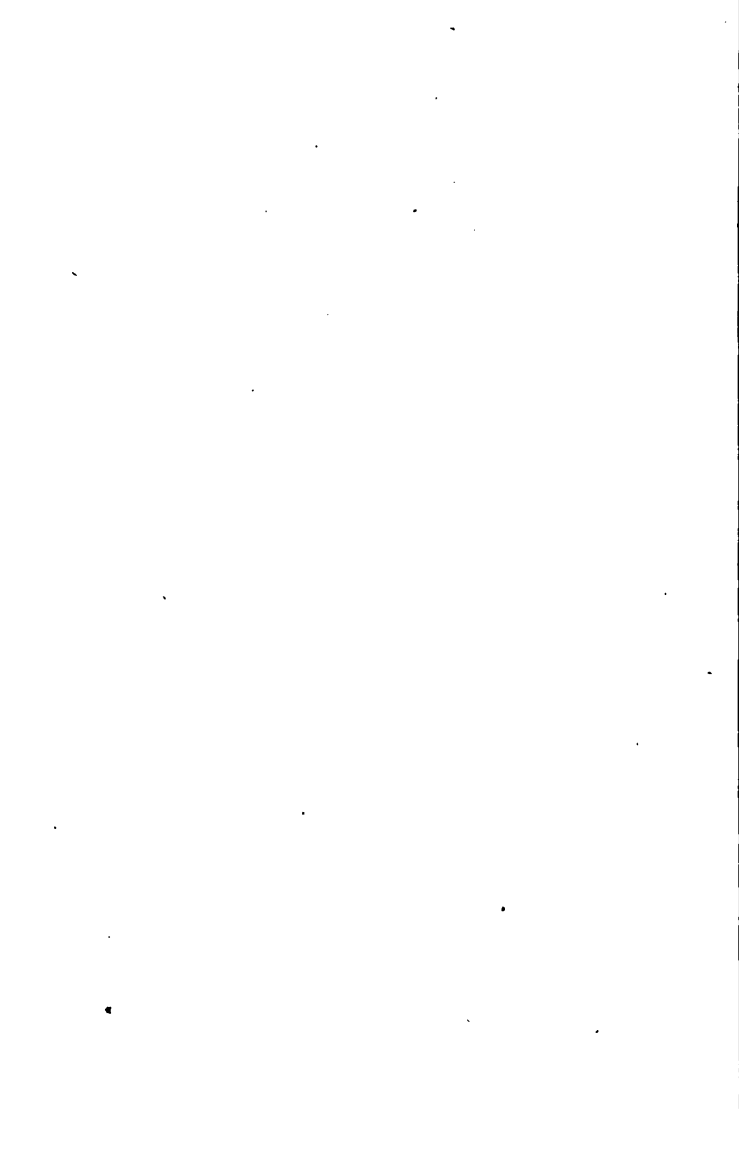
Something should, perhaps, be added in explanation of the circumstance that more than one set of Verses are given, in some recent instances, for the same year; which will also allow a word to be said as to the principle of selection, if it may be so called, which has been annually pursued. The Butler, not having ventured to exalt his official *laudes* to anything like the dignity of a prize-poem,

or to propose a general competition for their supply, has usually mentioned his wish to some gentleman by whom he thought he should be obliged. On receiving, in consequence, a suitable provision, he has felt bound at once to accept it. After, however, being thus pledged, other poems have sometimes been handed to him, which he would have had equal pleasure in adopting. The present publication has afforded him an unusual opportunity of offering amends by adding some of the latter to his collection; in which they are distinguished from the rest by an asterisk affixed to the date.

Should any Members of the College or their friends possess copies of earlier compositions connected with this series, they would greatly oblige the Butler by kindly forwarding them to him, with a view to their insertion in a second edition, if a reprint of this volume should be hereafter desired.

J. PRIOR.

BRASENOSE COLLEGE,
MICHAELMAS TERM, 1856.



BRASENOSE ALE.

ALL ye, who round the Buttery hatch,
With patient expectation watch,
Our barrels to assail;
Come, listen, while with pleasing gibe,
The rare ingredients I describe,
That float in Brasenose Ale.

The Butler's is a druggist's shop,
Alike devoid of malt and hop,
But Quassia's draughts prevail;
Alum the sparkling liquor clears,
And mimic wormwood's bitter tears
Compose our Brasenose Ale.

All ye, who physick have profess'd,
"Sir Kit," or "Potecary West,"*
Your practice gone bewail!
The burning mouth, the temple's throb,
Sick stomach, and convulsive throb,
Are cured by Brasenose Ale.

* "Sir Kit" and "Potecary West." The one celebrated as a Physician, the other as an Apothecary, in Oxford.

As poisons other poisons kill,
So whoso with convivial swill
Dares Syms's* wine assail,
Or Latimer's immortal Tun,
Hight Herbert or Lord Abingdon,
His cure is Brasenose Ale.

The fair Cheltenia's opening salt,
Must yield to our factitious malt,
What double sponce can fail?
But should you want some tonic stuff,
You speedily will find "quant. suff.,"
A gill of Brasenose Ale.

Oh, that our Bursar would consent
To give the Bottled Porter vent,
Porter beloved by Dale,
Smuggled no more by Joey's stealth,†
It would improve the College health,
Impaired by Brasenose Ale.

* Syms and Latimer were Wine Merchants in this City. The latter, some twenty years ago, bought a small quantity of wine from Lords Herbert and Abingdon, and sold to Freshmen under those attractive names.

† Porter, which had been bought for common use, but had been often smuggled by one of the Fellows.

Mysterious, as the Sybil's leaves,
 The batels are which each receives,*
 But, Freshmen, cease to rail !
 You're fed and physick'd, in your bills
 Each week is Vinegar of Squills,
 Wormwood, and Brasenose Ale.

My Muse, the half-reluctant prude,
 In dudgeon vile, George Smith pursued,
 Afraid his verse should fail ;
 When next the Annual Ode he woos,
 May he invoke a better Meux,† (muse)
 To improve our Brasenose Ale.

Without Date.

T. D.

YE elvish Naiads, who delight to lave
 Your auburn tresses in the Lambswool wave,
 Who, like the Hags of old, a hellish train,
 Riot on broomsticks o'er the Student's brain,

* In the College accounts, under the name of batels, the sums for each week are given without the items.

† The more worthy *Meux* alluded to, is a celebrated Brewer of note in London.

When the glad Wretch in Ale libations deep,
Hies him to "tricks that make the Angels weep,"
Give me one *Bitian* tippie from your bowl,*
And in the Nectar deluge flood my soul !

For now the Muse, with retrospective gaze,
Turns to forgotten scenes, to bye-past days ;
And peering thro' the mist of time, can trace
The grim, gaunt shadows of that matchless race,
Which erst, old Brasenose, thro' the midnight damp,
Fed with thy Ale their intellectual lamp.
Yes, in that golden age, each classic Sot
Worshipp'd in turn the Volume and the Pot ;
This stored his mind with science and with art,
That ope'd the softer virtues of his heart ;
And when to soothe his ills the first might fail,
There was a blessed anodyne in Ale.

And ye, the pictured Worthies of our Hall,
Whose antique forms these pleasing dreams recall,
In bosoms warm'd like yours, is shewn full well,
The magic influence of the Cellar spell ;
And when for Brasenose Ale I raise my voice,
Attest it, gracious Duchess, thrifty Joyce.
Last, but not least, amid the patron throng,
Whose virtues claim the honours of my song,

* "Tum Bitio dedit increpitans."

Hail, bounteous *Betty* !* whose unpictur'd fame
 Shall live coeval with each prouder name ;
 And envy's self shall laud these grateful lines,
 When the *Scout* tipples, and the *Tutor* dines ;†
 When the first's visage shews a deeper dye,
 And roguish devils wanton in his eye.

Then long may here the ale-charg'd Tankards shine,
 Long may the Hop-plant triumph o'er the Vine !
 Long may *this* rival of Pieria's spring,
 To Fame's bright shrine its blushing vot'ries bring !
 Long may it swell the classes of our Schools,
 A glorious recipe for curing fools !!

1815.

W. G.

“ Antiquum et vetus est { Ale Æn. Nas. } dicere laudes.”
 alienas

CEASE your calumny, Wits, and no longer assail
 With abuse undeserv'd your poor Brasenose Ale ;

* Mrs. Elizabeth Morley, of blessed memory. She has not been deemed worthy of a picture.

† This alludes to her Legacies of a dinner to the Fellows, and a jollification to the Servants of B.N.C.

Ah, cease, or before you repeat the offence,
Permit me, at least, to submit my defence.
In that sad Iron Age when the *Cross* ruled the Roast,
Marking who were to dine with Duke Humphrey their host,
When at dinner-time desolate, meagre, and thin,
Look'd "The Hall," for no Commoner scarce could get in;
Cask'd for weeks, without chance of e'er proving my merit,
No wonder I lost my *strength, colour, and spirit*;
Now, *this "Prince of Vice-Principals,"* excellent pattern,
Has revived the glad days of the kind-hearted Saturn,
No longer with half-eaten scraps teems the Larder,
Or the Cellar with Ale—growing harder and harder.
'Tis now you must try me, but judge not in haste,
First listen to rules which must please every taste.
Get a glass (if in Hall such a thing can be found,
For glasses abound not in Classical ground,
Tho' in praise be it said, by this College I know
Some dozen were purchased a few years ago)—
Get a glass, and some sugar—then warming your Beer,
You'll find your draught lively, and frothy, and clear,
Whilst you see your own cup soon replenished aspire
To the lips of your friend from the bars of the fire.
If in pints, and in darkness each Commoner sups,
I'll not answer for what they may do in their cups:
If in glass, categorical proof cannot fail you,
Since you see what you swallow, "Quid," "quantum," and
"quale."

This is bold, but the liquor will well stand the test
Of all Brasenose Ales, most decidedly best.

Nay, start not, nor think my assertion presuming,
Sir Christopher now is his practice resuming ;
Sir Christopher—formerly said to turn pale
Seeing “jalup—out-jalup’d” by *Brasenose Ale*.
Notwithstanding, if any still scruple to credit
My title to *Best*—here’s my Pedigree—read it :

A Grand Cross of “Malta,” one night at a Ball,
Fell in love with and married “Hoppetta the Tall.”
Hoppetta, the bitterest, best of her sex,
By whom he had issue—the first, “*Double X*.”
Three others were born by this marriage—“a girl,”
Transparent as *Amber*, and precious as *Pearl*—
Then a Son—twice as strong as a Porter or Scout,
And another as “*Spruce*” as his brother was “*Stout*.”
Double X, like his Sister, is brilliant and clear,
Like his Mother, tho’ bitter, by no means severe,
Like his Father, *not small*, and resembling each brother,
Joins the spirit of one to the strength of the other.

’*Tis He* who presents this Petition, ’*tis He*—
Who demands from our Cellar to take his Degree,
Who desires that *no Cross* shall the College perplex,
Save the cross on the Barrel which marks “*Double X*.”

1816.

J. Y., Æn. Nas. Coll. Al(e)umnus.

AWAY, ye crowd profane ! ye fools and Tinkers !
Aid me ye sainted Ghosts of mighty drinkers,
Who liv'd of yore, but now alas ! are dead,
And took your Tankard ere you took to bed ;
To raptur'd chords the mighty strain prolong,
For Brasenose Ale demands the tide of song.
E'en now I feel thy fumes, nectarious liquor,
My pen runs faster, and the ideas flow thicker,
And though nice Tutors say thou art not massic,
And the Greek-lecturer swears my strain's not classic,
Yet sing I will, nor ceremony 'pon stick,
Since ale demands my lay anacreontic.

When first thy Quad, O Brasenose, sprung from earth,
(Not the Back-buildings, they're of later birth,)
A mystic voice was heard (I did not hear it
But there are other persons who will swear it),
And thus it spake, and long its words shall last,
While bricklayers star'd, and masons stood aghast :
" This be thy Charter, College ! o'er thy name
Shall beam the trophied blazonry of fame,
Thy nose shall live, that stumbling-block of fools,
And first-class men astound the list'ning schools.

Long as thy ale, so good without pretence
Crowns the rich bowl, and woos the "ravish'd sense."
Thus heav'n decreed ! and thus the College wills
That clear as muddy pool, and sweet as pills !
Old Smith shall (heaven bless his gen'rous soul,)
As long as months and years and ages roll,
Serve us with ale—to keep us all from ailing,
And send it up as commons without failing.
And though with quassia perhaps a little dingy,
Which some queer folks think not a little stingy,
Yet still 'tis Ale—d'ye doubt me ? good and stout :
And they who won't have that may go without.

1820.

J. G.

HEARD you the Butler hasten to the task ?
Heard ye the spiggot rattle in the cask ?
In settled dinginess of nut-brown dye,
Foul to the taste, yet pleasing to the eye,
The froth-crown'd liquor stands—no Morrell swipes,
No baleful juice, precursor to the gripes ;
All, all one tap—no spurious birth it glows,
Through vent-pegged cask no quassia mixture flows,
But animate alone with hops and malt,
It quits the cobwebb'd precincts of the vault.

Bright kindling with a tippler's dear delight
Each scout's eye tracks the liquor's fateful flight,
While King's fair cheek with hope's bright lustre glows,
And claims proud kindred with the mystic nose.
Tott'ring he stands, or, if some Fellow call,
Walks the scarce passable, and crowded hall ;
Light as he treads, along th' enamour'd wind
His coat's black skirts flap heavily behind,
And as he clears each hungry Fellow's plate,
Exults to show the honors of his gait.

Yes—mighty Butler—after dinner's cares
Each thirsty scout descends the cellar's stairs,
Views the vast conclave of hoops, casks, and pegs,
And taps the barrel to imbibe the dregs.
Contagious fury fires each god-like man,
And all bow low before the tapster's can.
For mild it seems as that far-famed Bohea
Drank in the Oriel common room for tea ;
Heady, as tales can prove, when all round Cain
Join the wild dance the Undergraduate train ;
Or frantic rush some freshmen to assail,
And with loud howlings load the midnight gale ;
Or stand half muzzy on the cellar's brink,
Too full to empty, and too drunk to drink.

THRON'D on his regal eask in *gaudy* state
One festal eve the Cellar-genius sate ;
His faithful vot'ries thickly strew'd around
In lawless postures clog the groaning ground,
And fondly true to her who gave them birth
In close embraces hug their mother-earth ;
When fired by Lambswool up the monarch sprang,
And with these words his vaulted kingdom rang :—

Since first the Sun his course began
And gaz'd upon this world of man,
This busy scene of toil and strife,
Where little dwells to sweeten life,
How soon each pleasure we devour
That gives us one ecstatic hour ;
But what like thee can e'er avail,
Thou nectar-potion, Brasenose Ale ?
All ranks, all ages own thy sway,
The wisest must thy power obey,
Thou fill'st the mind with big, ambitious dreams,
Inspirest none save mighty themes,
And, strange antithesis ! canst steep
The maddest brain in harmless sleep.

What ! tho' the pride of Oriel be
Old maids' elixir, mawkish tea,
In spite of awful Oriel's choice
For Brasenose Ale I'll raise my voice.
'Tis not the mind alone it rules
With brilliant lessons for the Schools,
But the mind's index oft arrays
In one unvaried, vivid blaze.
No rouge, like this, the female face
Illumines into rosy grace ;
No tutor, though from Tully sprung,
Like thee can rouse the dullest tongue.

Then hail, thou big and foaming bowl,
Hail, constant idol of my soul.
How laughingly the bubbles ride
Upon thy rich and sparkling tide ;
Meet emblem of the joy that cheers
Those who shed none but cellar-tears,
And who like me all cares will drown,
As thus, sweet bowl, I drink thee down.

TOUCH, touch the tuneful lyre,
Make the joyful strings resound :
Ale, blest Spirit, doth inspire,
Ale with smiling hop-wreath crown'd.

See, the welcome Brewhouse rise,
See, the priest his duty plies,
And, with apron duly bound,
Stirs the liquor round and round.
O'er the bubbling cauldron play
Mirth and Merriment so gay,
Melancholy hides her head,
The frowns of Envy, all are fled,
Youthful Wit and Attic Salt
Infuse their savour in the Malt,
And Love and Harmony combine,
To confer their gifts divine.

Then touch, touch the tuneful lyre,
Make the joyful strings resound :
Ale, blest Spirit, doth inspire,
Ale with smiling hop-wreath crown'd.

BRASENOSE ALE.

The dismal reign of muddy beer,
Has fallen with the ended year,
And amber Ale, in golden days,
To Brasenose a visit pays.

Joyous the cry of welcome rose,

 Welcome, welcome, foaming Ale!

 Welcome genuine Malt and Hops!

Welcome ye to Brasenose!

Long may his Worship sojourn here!

Long may his joys our bosoms cheer!

Thy Bursar, Brasenose, shall be,

The High-Steward of the deity:

 And lasting Fame

 Shall bless his name,

And waft his merits to Posterity.

Touch then, O touch the tuneful lyre,

Make the joyful strings resound:

Ale, blest Spirit, doth inspire,

Ale with smiling hop-wreath crown'd.

Εἶπω τι τῶν εἰωθότων, ὃ δέσποτα,
ἐφ' οἷς ἀεὶ γελῶσιν οἱ θεώμενοι ;

Most potent Critics ! pray give ear ;
Your Ale draws Voters far and near ;
But not to swell the puff of flattery,
Suppose we analyze its ἀρετή,
And, for the honour of the Schools,
We'll steer by Aristotle's rules.

First then, its limits let us fix,
And build our theme with Logic bricks.
We praise a thing, at least we should,
For its own sake, because 'tis good.
Its essence ψυχὴ ἐνεργητική—
Then sure it must be εὐεργετική.
But this depends, as will be seen,
Upon our hitting on the *mean* ;
A mean it is, as fix'd as fate,
For brewers call it "*Intermediate*."
Now this runs very smooth in Thesis,
But ah ! we want that thing, φρόνησις.

For sure as we shall call out *έρι*,
 So sure we plunge beyond the jetty.
 But how to construe the next head ?
 We cannot praise it when 'tis *dead*,
 Yet it can boast a rare *stout* claim,
 Most logically opposed to shame.
 But see the next sophistic scheme ;
 Now this precisely suits our theme.
 Th' extremes we toss from side to side,
 And swear no mean exists beside ;
 When a man swills two gallons off,
 We say, "that man has had *enough*."
 If but one pint, "a moderate Fellow,
 He'll never reel, or fight, or bellow."

But hark ! what strange voice from that barrel,
 Hoarse as the horn of Mr. Morrell ?
 What form so *brown*, and *stout*, and *hale*,
 Oh Hercules ! 'tis the God of Ale !

" Mortals—how sore my soul you vex—
 You make me croak *βρεκεκεκέξ*—
 Why all this sudden hurly-burly ?
 Why, Undergrads, dine ye so early ?
 What ? all that black-rob'd posse, must I
 Inflate those *Artium Magistri*,
 And cause their tongues to bay the moon,
 In spirits up as air-balloon ?

For such stout qualities, remember,
 'Tis I, Sirs, ought to be your *Member* !
 I'd quickly frame a *swelling Bill*,
That Catholics should have their fill !
 And, for all those who swig and glut,
 Convert his Popeship to a *Butt* !
 Was it not I that penn'd the wonder—
 That letter wing'd with Logic thunder ?
 By heav'n ! my fumes, in ev'ry page,
 Breath'd from the nostrils of the sage,
 As o'er his jug he *brew'd* a hit,
 A cask of thought—a butt of wit !
 Was not that monster born in ale,
 With 'cloven feet,' and 'forked tail ?'
 Full sure he dream'd that Aristotle
 Spouted his 'Rhetoric' o'er the bottle ;
 And thus it was, no doubt that he
 Stagger'd so drunk into the sea !
 For, though the Letter is anonymous,
 The style, so '*bald*,' is very ominous.
 Now see if I can hit him off—
 The man—*αἰρόρατος*—the very *σόφ* !
 With stick in hand, and all agog,
 Marching behind his learned dog,
 He seems to whisper in 'The Clouds,'
 '*Ἀεροβατῶ*—off, grov'ling crowds !'
 At School, at College, I'm the prop ;
 For who like me could flog a top ?

I'll edge your intellectual swords ;
 For who like me can deal in *words* ?
 I've just now hatch'd, with ' tail and toes,'
 A Catapulta for my foes ;
 Of double power to cut and thrust,
 ' *Not that it may, but that it must.*'
 In fact, an iron frame this is,
 To force a good *προαίρεσις* :
 With this I fight for Dan and Shiel,
 And gird my Logic loins for PEELE !
 And for this course I've reasons ample ;
 You'll be content with one example :

" *Pat is a sprout of England's growing,
 But Ireland a war is brewing ;
 Ergo, Old England falls to ruin ?*

" Or thus, by rule of *A* and *The*,
 See ' Rhetoric,' I think, page three :

" Good Sirs, as for a *Stall* I hope,
 I lov'd, converted, wedded, *A Pope*,
 But hated, loath'd, detested, *The Pope* !

" Fools will not soon resolve this riddle ;
 But you, Sirs, see a ' *double middle.*'

“ Thus runs his ‘ ratio probandi ;’
These ‘ Alban’ rules we’re forc’d to stand by,
Glu’d like a ‘ *head tattoo’d*’ for sale,
Fast to a Dutch red-herring’s tail !
Still we must own him, though so odd,
No common stamp, no heavy sod ;
But, like my amber-colour’d Beer,
With brains not thick, but deep and clear ;
Born with fine *taste*, like *Double X*,
Not apt to ‘ puzzle or perplex.’

“ But soft, I hear the supper bell ;
You’ve drank me empty, so farewell.

“ Good Sirs, if in a merry mood,
I trust you have not thought me rude.”

1827.

T. H.

"Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus."

HIGH o'er the windings of a vault
That joins the new-born house of malt,
Where still in fame a Fabric grows
That proudly rears her Giant Nose :
That nose that snuff'd with Spartan scent
The track that God-like Heber went,
And bids her brazen sons aspire,
And fans the Poet's infant fire :
While brooding in my long arm'd chair,
A steamy vapour mounts the air,
And as the fumes my soul relax,
Sleep seals my eyes as close as wax.
When lo ! a Shade of wond'rous size
In gait like Bacchus seem'd to rise,
But thrice as fat—so round and hale
As tho' he swill'd not wine, but ale ;
His grisly beard he 'gan to stroke,
He wav'd his hand and thus he spoke :—

" Mortal attend ! no vulgar theme
Has roused me from my Stygian dream.

Hast thou not heard the festive tale,
The mystic wonders of the new-brew'd ale ?
Or seen the vapours of the reeking cloud ?
Sweet incense to the Drinking God !
'Tis said that Cain and Abel shook
Their sides with laughing at the joke.
How late so quick a plan was found
To make the men so plump and round.
For oh ! too well we'd cause to rue
The trash full fraught with Devil's blue,
Drain'd from a muddy brackish mass
That would have turn'd the nose of Brass,
For swipes and dregs and vile small beer,
Have been our lush for many a year.
Hence the dire cause our sons were fools,
And looked so sheepish in the Schools ;
As though they lived on Aristotle,
And never ate or crack'd a bottle.
How could they swell with Pindar's rage ?
Or drink the flowing Homer's page ?
But now—ye Nine, your pinions wave—
The God inspires me and I rave—
See the bright beverage frothing up,
See the juice sparkle in the cup !
Oh ! for a mouth from ear to ear
To swallow hogsheads of such beer !
See to the banquet Nestor-King
Slowly the foaming goblets bring,

And as he rolls his gloating eye,
He sighs—' my day of drink's gone by !'
But see, the scouts are scouring by,
The Hall resounds—' more Ale—quick—fly,'
And the new Butler cries ' Odd zooks,
This swells the reck'ning of my books :
Forsooth ! a lucky change for me,
The Porter's for the Tapster's key !
Lord of this cask, I'll rule the roast ;
For sure my claim's a *Prior* boast !'
What tho' the teeming barrel favor
The *soporiferum papaver*,
The virtues of the pregnant malt
Are new-spun wit and attic salt.
The time draws nigh when one good glass
Shall nerve men for the fiery Pass,
While wrapt in awe the School shall class
Their blushing honors on the Nose of Brass !
And more my prophet Muse could tell :—
But soft—my time is spun—Farewell !"

This said, the Genius fled like smoke ;
I started, rubb'd my eyes, and woke.

Λόγος ἐστ' ἀρχαῖος, οὐ κακῶς ἔχων,
οἷον λέγουσι τοὺς γέροντας, ὃ πᾶτερ,
πείθειν χορεύειν οὐ θέλοντας.

Eriphus ; quoted by Athenæus.

THOUGH to versify no *Chauntrey* I, I must *rechaunt*, I find,
My *home-brewed* lay, for woe's the day ! if *Prior's* caught
behind !

My *measure* just, *suits* each, I *trust*, and makes *Dry's* credit
short,

For *Joy*, you'll find, will sooth your mind, when *deep* with
Davenport !

Who dares accuse the good old *Muse*, if *Bacchanals* she
praise ?

Since all at will *puff 'bacco* still, and *Ale* demands our lays.
Some think *puns* queer to *gild* our *beer*, what *funeral's*
without *fun* ?

But were *their sum* in praise of *rum*, all then would a *pun-cheon*.
'Tis plain, I think, when *nations* drink *rum* free from vitiation,
That all who praise such *simple* ways love *abstract* rumination.
Our actions must be *plain* and just, when done upon *Champagne*,
And therefore proved *not far* removed if *Burgundy* constrain.

Oh ! wondrous craft, or *check* or *draught*, she'd help to *cure-*
a-sore,

And though a *scald Burns* might be called, to find that *Little's*
Moore.

Our Ministry none sure can free from *entertainment* call,
 Since *all as* talks are ruled by *Vaux*, the Cabinet's *Vaux-all*.
 And sure you'll shun to call what's done in House of *Commons*
strange !

For though they storm now on *Reform*, they'll never never
change !

They've *Hunt-ing* there you'd almost swear, a *Saddler* fits the
Grey,

Though no *Fox* seen, for *Rats* I ween they'll *Weather-all* the
 day.

Go ! use your *pen*, O *worthy* men ! if *you's* not worth a *penny* !
 For *Demi* mix in *POLI-tics*, whose *tics* ne'er deem *I many*.

Indeed 'tis sure the *supper* poor, poor *sure-ties* oft *pur-sue*,
 And though their purse no *dollar* nurse, find each *tic dolor-eux*.
 Tis *natural* that, if not *flat*, you're *sharp*, so *blunt* be gone,
 For the *dun* is then most *red-dy* when, *black* thought ! the
red-dy's done !

Believe 'twere well o'er *Principle* no *Vice* should throw its pall.
 And since *all* ye love jollity, drink *ALL IN HALL* to *Hall* !
 What matter though the *Boroughs* go disfranchised every jot,
 Here *Burrowes* stay, which *Schedule A* must turn to *B* I wot.
 List ! when *Oceana* you greedily do *swallow* down,
 You're out of tune, if you impugn the *works* of *Harington* !

Ale ! rarest *flower* of *Toper's* bower ! the *pink* of all that's rare !
 Of all that please, the best *heart's ease*, first *promised blossom*
 there !

“ Nil spissius illa
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, inde
Constat quod multas fæces in ventre relinquit.”

Quoted by Walter Harris, in his Antiquities of Ireland, from Henry of Araunches, a Norman Poet.

Custom requires that I should chant
The praises of our cheer,
But can I sing when thus I am
A bearer of the *Beer* ?

Monks they say, in auld lang syne,
Had in these walls a home,
Who, though bound down by strictest vows,
Were all inclined to *Roam*.

Then was it meet and proper too,
For some right lustye Friar,
Ne suiteth it my dignitye,
I wot, who am a *Prior* ?

However, like a man I'll try
To sing this song of mine,
For 'tis my way, whene'er I *ail*,
I alway scorn to *whine*.

Since last I sung, a year hath past,
Full of events most strange,
And therefore not a golden year,
Since it was full of *change*.

For Papists now can eat our *loaves*,
And hold right *high* their head ;
Yet bawling loud and scrambling too,
Was certainly *low-bred*.

Some say the Church is better for't,
Some say she's gone to rack ;
And clear it is, the Preachers of
Whitehall look very *black*.

The papers too swore that O'Con
Hatch'd treason every bit ;
But could it be, when that the law
Declar'd he could not *sit* ?

York-minster too had nigh been burnt
By a most naughty *spark* ;
Yet strange it is a *Martin* should
Be punish'd for a *lark*.

'The world's a stage,' our Bard hath sung,
The truth all men must feel ;
For all our *Spokesmen*, Lords and *Knaves*,
Make up one common-*weal*.

In our dominions too, the love
Of letters ne'er can fail,
For here each office is a *post*,
And every man a *male*.

Our ministry can not be bad,
There must be wisdom in't ;
He surely must grow *Sage in time*
Who's Master of the *Mint*.

'Twould seem they nothing in the House
Of Commons do but eat,
For when a measure they reject,
They say it is not *mect*.

Howe'er on this she may rely,
Old England's Ocean's daughter,
She ne'er will find in hour of need
One backward to *sup-port-her*.

Th' excise of malt they ne'er will raise
I trust, and that's a cheerer,
For every British heart would *whine*,
To find his ale *made-dearer*.

Yet beer they tell us now will be
Much cheaper than before ;
Still if they take the duty off,
In duty we drink more.

Autumn's the time for *ale*, in proof
Of this I will adduce,
That in the Spring our butts of Beer
Are nothing but *verjuice*.

Of this our Poets now-a-days
Swill tankards by the score,
For Little were but little worth,
Until he cried out *Moore*.

A Laureate justly gave the wreath
To ale in classic lay,
But here our PRIOR humbly prays
The *prior praise* to-day.

No common beverage tempts the eye,
But fit in verse to shine,
As good as *Bishop*, since it is
A *Beverage Divine*.

Delicious beverage ! how oft
Thy virtue is belied !
An aching head who would not bear
To be an *Akenside* !

Our *Dryden*, ne'er may he be dry,
Our *Bowles* too never fail,
For *Cooper* makes our English *Butts*,
And *Crabbe* our bellies *ail*.

That Heathen sage I ween he was
A *Morrall*-headed wight,
For wine that makes us *stagger wrong*,
Made him a *Stagyrite*.

The sons of *Wales* like Fishes drink,
And Scotsmen like a *Mull*,
Their ale is mild as milk in *Cowes*,
In *Oxon* soft as *wool*.

And now to Church and King, and Trade,
We'll drink in brimmers full,
As England's staple trade consists
(Ask Lyndhurst) in her *wool*.

So pray ye now excuse my rhyme,
And each unseemly pun,
For though I've doubtless *punish'd* you,
'Twas only meant in fun.

And pardon too my halting lines,
Like lame men without props,
For try my best I could but write
In *limping* verse of *Hops*.

Thus having spun this lengthen'd yarn,
At length we'll make a halt,
And if you'd rightly praise our Beer,
Pray get a little *Malt*.

SHROVETIDE is come ! hurra ! hurra !

Let's welcome in th' auspicious day :

Our tables all their store display

Each member to regale.

Gadney sends greeting from Spithead,

Prior has to a first-rate* sped,

And King majestically spread

The cates and sparkling Ale.

Old Bacon form'd a scull and face

Of blushless empty sounding brass,

Which spoke, 'tis said, like Balaam's ass,

Then fell, and prov'd too frail.

But far more meritorious those

Who shap'd the glorious Brasen-nose,

In which a charm more potent flows,

We mean the nut-brown Ale.

Shrovetide returns ! so crown the bowl

With liquor that sublimes the soul ;

Let care beneath its bright waves roll,

And cheerfulness prevail.

* *Quasi* a vessel of first rate quality.

For studious men, profoundest thinkers,
For amorous beaux, gay Fashion's pinks, sirs,
For sportsmen blithe, and social drinkers,
There's nought like Brasenose Ale.

Avaunt, thou Censor grim, avaunt,
Nor hover round our social haunt,
Our glee to dash, our courage daunt,
And make our spirits quail.
And as returns this welcome day,
We'll still our gratitude display,
And sing in merry roundelay,
The praise of Brasenose Ale.

1831.

G. G.

SHALL all our singing now be o'er,
Since Christmas Carols fail ?
No ! let us shout one stanza more,
In praise of Brasenose Ale !

A fig for Horace and his juice,
Falernian and Massic ;
Far better drink can we produce,
Though 'tis not quite so Classic.

Not all the liquors Rome e'er had
Can beat our matchless Beer ;
Apicius' self had gone stark mad,
To taste such noble cheer.

E'en the High Table, well I know,
In this will coincide ;
I see it stamped upon his brow,
That yonder doth preside.

Ne'er had that eye so jocund been,
That goodly form so sleek,
That merry face we ne'er had seen,
Had Brasenose Ale been weak.

BRASENOSE, with all thy faults, we must
Acknowledge one and all,
A Jovial Butt'ry thou canst boast,
And eke a jovial HALL.

And since our BURSAR's learnt to brew,
E'en he has grown more stout ;
His Colleague daily fattens too,
From sympathy, no doubt.

And if the Undergraduates drank,
As much beer as their betters,
The College ne'er had lost her rank,
In Cricket, Boating, Letters.

For once she was in manly play
The pride of Bullingdon ;
And ever on the racing day
First on the River shone.

But why are all her triumphs o'er ?
The reason well I guess ;
Hock and Champagne we drink much more,
And Brasenose Ale much less.

Then let us leave French Wine to fools ;
For just as well may we,
To fortify us for the Schools,
Drink Hyson and Bohea.

If we our places would regain
In Honour's bright career,
Away with Claret, Hock, Champagne,
And let us stick to Beer.

Once more shall Brasenose be first,
Both in the Schools and out,
When we have learnt to quench our thirst,
With Gallons of Brown Stout.

Then good luck to the Barley Crops,
And never may they fail ;
So may we nought but Malt and Hops
E'er find in Brasenose Ale.

"Alifero tollitur axe Ceres."—OV. FAST.

'Ceres high borne upon a Brewer's dray.

GENIUS ! that held'st of yore thy *potent* away,
By *spiriting* the sober sense away,
 Whate'er thy awful name ;
Come from the tankard's depth, and help me *brew*
A *Canto* on a theme full worthy you ;
 For mine's a *Prior* claim.

No *weakly* subject spurs my ambling pen,
Whose strength demands the loud *Alecaic* strain,
 And much I fear to fail ;
Ask ye the task that frights my modest Muse ?
Ah ! learn the labour with the weighty news :
 Freshmen, 'tis Brasenose Ale !

Oh ! for the depth of some potential soul,
To sing the curious mixtures of the bowl,
 Its mystic birth unveil ;
What herbs, what simples, aid its silent power ;
What secret incantations charm the hour
 That brews our Brasenose Ale.

Our Brewer, zealous for the College health,
Burrowing amid the Apothecary's wealth,
 Consults the Leech's art ;*
 Knows to a nicety the quantum suff.,
 Of pulv. and haust. to make his wholesome stuff,
 Part nourish, purge in part.

First in the Cauldron boils the well-dried Malt,
 The tempering Hop corrects its sweeter fault,
 And then ? Forbear to rail ;
 Aperient Senna's leaf and Quassia's bitter,
Aleumen too, than which no drug is fitter
 To clear our Brasenose Ale.

O say, ye Judges, if in any Beer
 Such science is exhibited as here,
 Such kindly cares prevail ?
 Not that it quenches only praise is due,
 For we are physicked in the bargain, too,
 By this our Brasenose Ale.

Is there a stomach racked by furious ache ?
 Let but the suffering wretch a tankard take,
 The remedy can't fail ;
 What Student need the throbbing brow endure ?
 Our Barrels hold a Panacean cure,
 In shape of Brasenose Ale.

* "Sunt aliis scriptæ, quibus *Alea* vertitur artes."

Then drink, ye College Scions, drink around,
 For long and much I've laboured to compound
 Your *Lambswool* all this morn :
 And praise my stanzas—for my wits have been
Wool-gathering the live-long night, I ween,
 And now I'm closely *shorn*.

And thou, *Aleluring* genius, disappear,
 Till summoned from thy haunts another year :
 Till then each lip regale.
 Thy empire is the throat of man ; thy home
 Is in the Barrel's round, amid the foam
 That crowns our Brasenose Ale.

1833.

W. H.

Ἐκ κριθῶν μέθυ.

O SHADE of Whitbread, man of ale,
 Look down upon my lay ;
 As thou would'st say, " With swelling gale
 I urge my prosperous way."

O College Ale, O College Ale,
 Of thee what praise can speak enough ;
 Of all thy virtues the long tale
 To tell my verse is weak enough.

We know grim warriors us'd of old
To drink from empty skulls,
And modern ale fills oft, we're told,
The empty heads of fools.

We know that such is not thy fate,
Thou Ale of Brasenose ;
We know that many a learned pate
Thou lullest to repose.

O Brasenose Ale, I cannot view
In thee one single fault ;
I'm not one of those persons who,
Like Brummel, never malt.

Thou mightest in thy liquid flow
From peasant please to Guelph ;
Ah ! if thy praise inspires me so,
What would'st thou do thyself?

I ask, with philosophic breast,
(" A moderate-minded bard"),
Ye Gods, one very slight request :
To grant it is not hard :—

A glass of ale like Denham's verse,
Though gentle, yet not dull,
(How prettily exprest, and terse !)
Though not o'erflowing, full.

*Ἄλλ' ἄρσενός τοι τῆσδε γῆς οἰκήτορας
εὐρήσεται εὖ πίνοντας ἐκ κριθῶν μέθυ.*

BROWN as the nut, yet crystal as the wave,
Where Delphian maids their sweeping tresses lave ;
What more than mortal drink, or human cheer,
Stands like the bev'rage of some by-gone year ?

See, big with Ale, with liquor that defies
The tap of Whitbread, and Guinness outvies ;
Conscious of giant strength, as if it knew
The gods themselves would bless them at the view—
The tankard stands ; though mild, awakens still
Freshman's mute gaze, and Fellow's rapt'rous thrill ;
And proud that Oxford sports no better malt,
It quits the gloomy regions of the vault.
Lo ! Prior hastens with his motley crew,
To pour the foaming liquor to our view :
Clasps his firm hand in all a Butler's pride
The cup no Brasenose Fellow e'er denied :
Yet secret triumph o'er his brow has cast
That Ale the sweetest, as that brew the last !

“ Away, ye lighter drinks ! ye swipes, away,
“ Where masters bully, and where boys obey,”
The brewer cried ; and taught the Ale to live
With all the charms that malt and hops could give.
Warm’d at his touch, behold the vapours rise
In all their genuine fragrance to the skies :
No beer-shop bev’rage, such as Cockneys buy,
Foul to the taste, and loathsome to the eye ;
No dingy mixture, vulgarly call’d swipes ;
No quassia juice, promoter of the gripes ;
But true proportions of good hops and malt,
Mingled with care, then stow’d within the vault :
The hue that tells its potency—the scent
That breathes as if from blest Arabia sent,
Still o’er his Ale fond Prior hangs confest,
And joy and triumph swell his manly breast.

Yet beams that Ale with colours bright alone ?
Nought but the fragrance left ? the flavour gone ?
Taste, yet again—repeat the luscious draught,
Such as the Greek or Roman never quaff’d ;
Taste, till the rapt imagination deem
The fabled Nectar was not all a dream ;
O’er earth and hell this strong power has prevail’d,
And quell’d the rabble when all else had failed ;
Back to their dens seditious leaders hurl’d,
Bade faction tremble—and sustain’d the world.

Such, glorious liquor of the olden time,
 When to be drunk with Ale was deem'd no crime ;
 When in the morn and eve and mid-day stood
 Upon our fathers' boards old English food ;
 Such hast thou been, 'mid war and change the same,
 Link'd with the poet's and the scholar's name,
 Mellow'd by age—but still with flavour higher,
 The pride of Brasenose, and the boast of Prior.

1835.

R. J. B.

Οὐ πίνουσ' αἰθροπα οἶνον,
 Τούνεκ' ἀναίμονές εἰσι; καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

TOUCH, touch ye the tuneful chord, and sing
 Of that olden festival,
 When Alfred sate at his royal board,
 And drank of his foaming Ale.

With many a smoking haunch and loin
 That glorious board was crown'd ;
 And many a laughing eye was there
 As the "*mantling bliss*" went round.

Oft had it pass'd on that merry day,
 When the Prophet-king upsprang,
 And the vaulted roof and trophied walls
 With cheers of his courtiers rang.

" Few years, I ween, shall pass away,
 " Few kings give up their sceptred sway,
 " Ere there shall ope its portals wide
 " A College rear'd in Gothic pride ;
 " Far fam'd for many an age to come,
 " Call'd from my own Brasinium ;
 " Yes, College, henceforth charter'd be,
 " And *Brasin-huse** yclep'd by me.
 " Thy foaming Ale in future days
 " Shall be the theme of deathless praise ;
 " Full many a rich nectareous bowl
 " Shall flood right deep each Fellow's soul ;
 " Full many thro' the midnight damp
 " Shall feed the scholar's mental lamp ;
 " To fame shall bid each son aspire,
 " And fan the poet's infant fire ;

* " His palace (viz. Alfred's) adjoining it, is called by himself in his Laws the 'King's Hall'; and the then important accommodation of a Brasinium, Brewhouse or *Brasin-huse*" which, no doubt, is the etymon of Brasen Nose. Vid. Ingram's Mem. of Oxford, No. 8, page 2.—*ART. Church of St. Mary the Virgin.*

" Shall bid him swell with Pindar's rage,
 " And drink in raptures Homer's page.
 " And eke as each succeeding year
 " Shall shed fresh honours on the 'cheer,'
 " For aye its fame shall last, I trow,
 " And glory be as great as now.
 " Some scion of the noble shrine,
 " Gifted with powers of *verse divine*,
 " Shall weave a strain to tell the tale
 " Of Brasin-huse and its matchless Ale.
 " The Butler too, whose right shall be,
 " A right for ever held in fee,
 " His tenure—it is all I ask,
 " *A yearly present of one cask,**
 " Shall, as each Shrove-tide passes by,
 " Right gladly to the cellar fly,
 " And bid that cask forsake its rest
 " To cheereach vot'ry's longing breast,
 " When Bursar, Fellows, Scholars, all
 " Shall hie them to the College Hall."

Thus spake the seer—anon his courtier throng
 Hail'd their good Liege in wassail loud and long.

* These words, it must be confessed, are somewhat obscure, but happily they have received every elucidation from time; in fact, the prophecy contained in them has been fulfilled to the letter, for in the present day the tenure by which the Butler holds his office is a cask of ale presented annually to the College on Shrove Tuesday.

And well did the Prophet-king predict
 To his College deathless name,
 For it long has stood, and long shall stand,
 Rank'd high in the roll of Fame.

And there he looks from the canvas down,
 And glad is his beaming eye,
 To have seen and see his sons fulfil
 His glorious *Prophecy*.

1836.

R. P. H.

Αἶνει δὲ παλαιὸν
 μὲν οἶνον, ἄνθεα δ' ὕμνων
 νεωτέρων.

As THE Gods once at dinner were found,
 With their usual celestial party,
 While the Nectar passed gaily around,
 And all seemed to be merry and hearty :—

Jolly Bacchus, their Common Room Steward,
 Being told that their stock was but poor,
 Proposed, 'tis so said, to the Board,
 They should speedily choose out a *Brewer*.

Now if those who inhabit this earth,
As was said by the Sages of yore,
Have all passed through some previous birth,
And lived many ages before ;

No doubt but our Brasen-nose Prior
Has trod their Vulcanian hall,
And stood by Minerva's great Sire,
With his urn of Ambrosial Ale.

For some truly Promethean fire,
And the purest ethereal dew,
Must have mixed with the malt from which Prior
Has formed this celestial brew.

And now should our Brasen-nose rowers
Not put on because No-man will steer ;
Why still ! they can ship all the oars,
And pull at the Brasen-nose beer.

For what sets the soul all on fire,
Dispels every gloom, every fear,
Or the *fancy's* bright *hits* can inspire,
Half so well as a tankard of beer ?

No *Sappho* will now need despair,
Or her *Phaon's* desertion will fear ;
Her distress would soon vanish in air,
With a tankard of Brasen-nose beer.

The sportsman who, worn out and spent,
Has returned from the toils of the day ;
What will sooner restore him his strength,
Or drive fatigue sooner away ?—

The student who, pale with reflection,
Plies a task there's so little to cheer,
Finds relief from his weary dejection
In his commons of Brasen-nose beer.

Then here is a *Holy Alliance*,
An empire divided is here,
When the sons of true learning and science,
Confess their allegiance to beer.

Then let palaces all around rise,
Where the Gin-Demon fixes his throne ;
Our Beer shall not flee to the skies,
While Brasen-nose claims it her own.

So success to our College, our learning !
And may all but our battels rise higher !
As we wish, with each Shrove-tide returning,
Long life to our Ganymede *Prior*.

Ἰθανάτων ὅτι κλέψας
 ἑλίκεσσι συμπόταις
 νέκταρ ἀμβροσίαν τε
 δῶκεν. Olymp. Od. i. 98.

LET other bards of ladies dream,
 And bright eyes without number ;
 My harp shall find some newer theme,
 Or shall for ever slumber.

Heroic measures some may follow,
 Or cultivate Melpomene :
 But me from crape preserve, Apollo ;
 Audi poetam, domine.

The height how great ! I dare not jump it,
 But wisely keep the middle,
 Nor lift my soul to Harper's trumpet
 Or Paganini's fiddle.

No scenes of tragedy wake high,
 Or martial notes inspire ;
 I pass the other Muses by,
 And court my own Thalia.

Yet music from her lute shall swell
Articulate and mellow,
As e'er from Caradori fell,
From Grisi or Novello.

She is of Epicurus' sect,
A lover of good cheer ;
Her ethics then will not reject
The name of Prior's beer.

Champagne and Burgundy may fail ;
Or if our taste be classic,
The wines of Rome and Greece are stale,
Falernian and Massic.

And though to Claret and to Hock
The Muse has no objection,
She'd rather turn the buttery cock ;
'Tis genuine perfection.

'Tis soft as dews in distillation ;
Then deem it not unable
To rouse to lofty admiration
The synod of High Table.

Lo ! Zeno starts with sudden grace,
The virtuous and dreamy ;
And o'er the depths of Euclid's face
Approving smiles are gleamy.

Plump Æsop swears his juice but vile,
And half deserts the bottle ;
Astrides from the chair meanwhile
Nods health to Aristotle.

Then not like Dido in the story
Our lips the flood shall stir,
For "summo tenuis attigit ore"
The Poet sang of her.

The fingers grasp the tankard's side,
And o'er the crested brim,
Where pouts the nectar in its pride,
The drunken optics swim.

But lest some faces should look cold,
(They wrong the beer, not us),
To prove it orthodox and old,
I'll quote Herodotus.

He clearly states in Book the second,
And seventy-seventh chapter,
That beer was first in Egypt reckon'd
A native manufacture.

And as to Bacchus (he names two),
My mind a theory shapes :
The one prepared good malt and true ;
The other dealt in grapes.

Then wisdom learn from the description
Which our historian wrote us ;
As for myself, I'll turn Egyptian
To live on beer and lotus.*

1838.

C. G.

" And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !"—CAMPBELL.

SEE where yon goblet beaming
Invites the wistful eye !
Whose smile luxuriant gleaming
Proclaims a fragrance nigh !
While gladsome spirits thronging round
To taste its richness press ;
And fair the scene, and loud the sound
Of mirth and happiness !

* Τὸ ἐκ τοῦ μέσου τοῦ λατοῦ, τῇ μήκωνι ἐὼν ἐμπερὲς, πτίσαντες, ποιεῦνται ἐξ αὐτοῦ ἄρτους ὑπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς. Herod. Lib. ii. cap. 92.

Bright antidote ef sorrow !
Some kind enlivening ray
From thee we fain would borrow,
To warm our grateful lay :
For oft, I ween, thy kindling glance
The drooping heart hath cheered ;
Poured round the soul a joyous trance,
And visions gay up-reared.

Full many a day of gladness
Hath hailed the welcome cheer ;
Full many a thought of sadness
Hath fled, transported, here.
And still, through years of fleeting change,
Each passing youthful train,
Ere it might tempt the wide world's range,
Hath paused the cup to drain.

While warm affection glowing
Bids mean suspicion fly,
Our youthful hearts bestowing
On most that hover nigh ;
Though outward promise seem sincere,
And lasting all our joy,
Yet cherished hopes and memories dear
Unkindness may destroy.

The word of coldness spoken
 Inflicts a bitter smart :
The tie of friendship broken
 Torments the aching heart :
But sadder far the the hopeless pain,
 When death's remorseless hand
Hath all untimely snapped in twain
 Affection's golden band.

Since first in lofty seeming
 Up-sprung these walls to day,
And the sweet nectar streaming
 Each Shrovetide claimed the lay,
Full oft hath fled the hopeful brood
 That here for shelter pressed ;
And many a race of noblest blood
 Forgotten lies at rest.

But, though our friends forget us,
 Let one kind thought restore
Their names, who once have met us,
 But ne'er may meet us more.
And if, perchance, by memory's light
 Departed friends we view,
Oh ! let that memory still be bright,
 And may our hearts be true !

When last the cup was flowing,
ONE graced our smiling Hall,
Whose eye with kindness glowing
Inspired the festival.
But now that bright and honoured head
Rests in the darkling tomb :
And ours it is to mourn the dead
In unavailing gloom.

Forgive the Muse, if, erring,
She drop a plaintful word :
If, thoughts of sorrow stirring,
She strike too harsh a chord.
She would not mar the festive scene,
Nor give a wanton pain :
And, though her strain have saddening been,
She bids you smile again !

In banquet-hall 'tis meetest
To raise the echoing laugh :
In jocund hour 'tis sweetest
The bowl's deep flood to quaff.
Aye ! let your mirth be loud and long !
Let voice and heart be free !
And 'midst the din of shout and song
Let all feast merrily !

Go forth, my sons, to glory !
 Go climb the steeps of fame !
 Go ! and in future story
 Enroll your shining name !
 May no dark cloud obscure your sky ;
 No ill your soul dismay ;
 Nor keener sorrow dim your eye
 Than claims the tear to-day !

1839.

G. T. D.

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium."—HORACE.

*"Ἦν, ὅταν τῶμοσι βότρυν,
 ἄροσοι μένοσι πάντες,
 ἄροσοι δέμας θεητὸν.
 ἄροσοι γλυκὺν τε θυμὸν,
 εἰς ἔτους φανέρτες ἄλλον.*—ANACREON.

'Tis ALE, immortal Ale, I sing !
 Bid all the Muses throng !
 Bid them awake each alumbering string,
 Till the loud chord responsive ring
 To swell the lofty song !

They come ! they throng in fair array !

They wake the slumbering string !

While, to add honour to the day,

Bacchus himself inspires the lay,

Bold Wassail's generous King !

Yet, though the merry God combine,

No discord need we fear :

If they the poet's thought refine,

The poet ever loved his wine,

And they the God of Beer.

Long hath a friendship kind and true

Proclaimed their firm good-will :

And oft hath gleamed the Ivy's hue

Where the bright Nine the maze pursue

Beside Castalia's rill.*

But count it not a poet's lie ;

Deem it no idle tale :—

* Sophocles, *Œdip. Tyr.* 1105.

εἶθ' ὁ Βακχεῖος θεὸς, ναί-
ων ἐπ' ἄκρων ὀρέων, εὖ-
ρημα δέξατ' ἔκ του
Ἕνυμφῶν Ἑλικωνίδων,
μὴς πλεῖστα συμπαίξει.

That fount so dear to Bacchus' eye—
 Famed source of noblest minstrelsy—
 That fountain flowed with—ALE!

Each bard of yore impatient pressed
 To taste the inspiring wave :
 And, as he drank with eager zest,
 A frenzy filled his maddening breast,
 And loftiest ardour gave.

Or, if denied its genial spray,
 Those bards of dauntless soul,
 They broached the cask—nor knew dismay—
 Each in his solitude away,
 And quaffed the flowing bowl.*

'Twas this that roused the tragic pride
 Of Æschylus the brave :†
 And fed his‡ flame, who grieved and died,
 When in sad waste out-poured he spied
 The wine he could not save.§

* See Horace, I. Epist. xix. 1—8.

† Athenæus, Deipnosoph. I. c. xix. *μεθύνων δὲ ἐποίησε τὰς τραγυδίας*
Αἰσχύλος, ὅς φησι Καμαυλέων.

‡ Cratinus retained to the last his aversion to *teetotalism*, as was evinced by the title and tenor of his last play (the *Πυτρίνη*) ; to say nothing of the anecdote related by Aristophanes concerning the manner of his death.

§ Aristophanes, Pax 700.

Then raise the sparkling draught on high!
 The bright brown goblet drain!
 All by-gone ages we defy:
 We too can boast our Castaly:
 With us the Muses reign!

The Fount within our College wall
 Which springs so rich and clear;
 And gladdens now our favoured Hall,
 Holding each raptured heart in thrall—
 'Tis *that* inspires us here!

We spread its deathless praises wide;
 And well bestowed we deem
 The yearly tribute, while with pride
 Into the song's full flowing tide
 We fling the honeyed theme.*

And yearly may those praises know
 A welcome kind from all:
 And yearly may that Fountain flow
 To cheer with warm convivial glow
 Our Shrovetide festival!

* Pindar, Nem. vii. 16.

εἰ δὲ τύχῃ τις ἔρδων, μελίφρον' αἰτίαν
 ῥοαῖσι Μοισᾶν ἐνέβαλεν.

Unquenched by time, undimmed by blame,
Those virtues shall prevail :
Ages to come shall own the flame,
And ever celebrate the name
Of our immortal Ale !

1840.

G. T. D.

“Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

IMMORTAL Nose ! tho' weak my Muse to soar
To thy proud height—above our College door,
Be not upturned in scorn of my poor lays ;
No paltry Nose of these degenerate days ;
O give me omens good, nor let me deem
Thy tip unbrightened by my mighty theme !
See, the eyes twinkle ! I will swear they do,
And the bright tip assumes a ruddier hue !
Thanks, Jolly Nose—now aid, ye tipsy Nine,
Round each full cask a joint-stock wreath we'll twine,
Yours be the laurel crowns, so that the beer be mine.

Ye spirits of past beers, that linger still
Where Prior's hands the foaming goblets fill ;
And ye, ye classic pots, whose radiance falls
In lines of glory on our buttery walls ;
Thou ponderous Book, ye shades profound, that hold
Your *haleow'd* treasures, *hopeful* stores untold ;
And ye, bright blossoms, which in times bygone
Tipp'd the proboscis of each College don,
Fresh budding on each younger Nose, O deign,
Kind Spirits all, to aid my labouring brain,
In praise of mighty beer to rouse the lofty strain.

For oft, 'tis said, at midnight's stilly hour,
When studious eyes see double with thy pow'r,
That Cain and Abel, at Tom's summons deep,
Relax their limbs at once, and start from sleep ;
Seize the dear pots, which bound by laws no more
Troop forth spontaneous from the buttery door,
With antics wild the brimming nectar quaff,
Wink at the wondering Nose, and drink, and laugh ;
The drowsy Tutor opens half an eye,
And starts aghast, exclaiming with a sigh,
" Oh dear, what are they at ? Confound those boys, say I."

If such thy potent strength, that with thy fumes
E'en the dead stone unwonted life assumes,
Well may we triumph, boasting without fear
The pink of butlers, and the best of beer.

Match'd with the burnished Nose in revel's fight,
The *Star* turns pale, and owns its feebler light ;
The *Mitre* totters o'er its gateway then ;
E'en the wild *Roebuck* shrinks into its den ;
The *Angel's* wings hang down ; the *Vine* alone
Can boast a nectar something like our own,
And o'er the empty *Cups* assumes to set its throne.

Welcome to my lips, great king of frolic,
Stern foe to headache, devils blue, and cholic—
No dandy soda water bring to me,
No Lady's lemonade, no soft bohea ;
Thy sterner aid I claim, and ask thy might
To quell the riots of that punch last night.
Brasenose, I love thee still ; what though there be
Thy speech-struck hall, thy *pleasant* library ;
So short each meal, so long each battel's bill ;
While such rare beer thy foaming tankards fill,
In spite of all thy faults, Brasenose, I'll love thee still.

Yes, Childe of Ale, well named, thou too canst tell
The virtues of that beer you love so well ;
While with nice skill, and mixture true, you float,
Beer for the crew, the water for the boat ;
Empty and dry the craft, the tankards full,
Stout hearts to cheer them, and strong arms to pull ;
We'll fear no rival boat shall match our speed ;
Wadham's blue ties shall still look *blue* indeed ;

The startled Universe shall ask for quarter.

Why, scan those stalwart forms that well have fought her ;
Think you such shoulders broad were ever bred on water ?

No ! let weak drinks to weaker heads give cheer,
As for ourselves, we'll swim our souls in beer,
Nor grow tee-totals in our honour'd hall
At boating feast, or Shrove-tide festival ;
See how each frothy pot, a liquid bliss,
Drunken itself, invites the toper's kiss ;
Nay, be not coy—each founder known to fame
Looks with approving joy from out his frame ;
Grave Sutton's eyes are glistening with the sight ;
E'en the great Duchess looks less stern to-night,
Peacocks her swelling breast, and fairly grins delight.

Stop ! pass ye not the Buttery by, but look
Where stands the guardian genius of the book :
With such an air he straddles 'fore the fire
As conscious worth alone and—beer inspire ;
Bright as his own effulgent pots his face ;
Soft as their frothy crests, his manly grace ;
From 'neath each arm his flapping coat-tails fly,
Pow'r in his port, and triumph in his eye ;
Bacchus he seems, as when on Delphian plain
He sports with mountain nymphs, nor sports in vain :
Silenus hands the pots, and stirs the revel vein.

But who is he, the *great*, the *awful* form,
 Firt by no tempest, sandall'd by no storm :
 In humble guise of common mortal drest,
 On his broad back his graceful fingers rest ;
 Who late descending to these shades below,
 Chats social gossip with the Butler now ?
 The portly chin, majestic shape, the eye,
 Bespeak a hero, or—a Bossom nigh.
 Shine on, twin Stars—while Brasenose keeps her name,
 And worth and truth are not unknown to fame,
 Respect and friendship, too, ye both shall justly claim.

1841.

E. G.

“ Hic dies anno redeunte festus
 Corticem adstrictum pice demovebit
 Amphoræ.”—HORACE, Carm. Lib. III. 8.

THE revel is loud in the College Hall,
 When midnight booms from the giant bell,
 And the shadows grow'dim on roof and wall,
 And the revellers pause in their festival
 As the doors open wide as by magic spell.

Then glides through the midst in fantastic guise

A mighty proboscis of burnished brass ;

A merry light beams from its twinkling eyes

Which glow on each side of its *bridge of size*

As they gaze upon tankard, and flagon, and glass.

Warmly those eyes on the revellers rest

Each ruddy carbuncle with ecstasy heating ;

A gay pocket-handkerchief forms its vest,

Two pipes are its legs, and an ale-glass its crest,

And thus in glad tones it addresses the meeting :—

Sons of my love, and co-heirs of my brass

(A property shared I must own by all Colleges),

Fill, fill to the brim ev'ry goblet and glass,

With ale whose bright nectar what draught can surpass ?

Whose mild inspiration what heart but acknowledges ?

Drink to the memory of those who are gone ;

Drink to the honours in store for posterity ;

Drink to his praise, in whose conduct there shone

An affection for all, a preferring of none,

A regard for the good, for the vicious severity.

Drink to his honours, and long may he wear them,

With content to enhance, and with health to enjoy,

May the malice of foes or the world ne'er impair them,

But the breath of detraction, that blasts others, spare them

To bloom till the mild hand of time shall destroy.

Fill, fill again—bright beyond all compare is

Our ale, whose rich stream has no crudeness to barb it ;
 Fill to his praise, who of all I declare is
 The man of my heart, *homo emunctæ naris*,
 The poet in soul, not in letter-press, Garbett.

Here's to the crews that have been, and will be again

If they stick to our ale ; but sadly I fear it
 Is scarce to be hoped that such times we shall see again,
 If they take to their gin, and their rum, and brandy again,
 For how can strength lie in half mortal, half *spirit* ?

No—quaff the bright draught, our delight and our glory,

The poet's inspirer, the scholar's true friend,
 As he threads the dark mazes of classical story,
 Urged on by our arguments *a Priori*
 Our ale's ruddy stream with Castalia to blend.

With the rich flow of soul and of malt in alliance

No brainsick delusions my sons shall distress :
 Thus armed let them set ev'ry fear at defiance,
 Who boast of a *Butler* to aid them in science,
 Whose prowess in *battels* what pen can express ?

No fear that we ever shall come to a pinch—

(By the bye, pray has any one here got a snuff-box ?—
 Sir, I thank you)—if e'er we are ready to flinch,
 One flagon of ale ; then to fight inch by inch,
 And with courage renewed give dull care's ear a rough box.

But see where the grey dawn the East 'gins to dapple,
 And bids me depart, though I fain yet would stay,
 Farewell, my sons, dear to me as my eye's apple,
 These my fatherly precepts let memory grapple,
 Still bright when myself shall have melted in day.

1842.

T. P. W.

DEM. πῶς δ' ἂν μεθύων χρηστόν τι βουλευσάιτ' ἀνὴρ ;
 NIC. ἄληθες, οὗτος ; κρουνοχυτρολήραιοι ἐί.
 ὅταν πίνωσιν ἄνθρωποι, τότε
 πλουτοῦσι, διαπράττουσι, νικῶσιν δίκας,
 εὐδαιμονοῦσιν, ὠφελοῦσι τοὺς φίλους.

ARISTOPHANES, KNIGHTS, 88.

LET others rejoice in the praises of wine
 From Xeres, Oporto, or banks of the Rhine,
 To a theme far more noble I bid you give ear,
 While I sing you the praises of Brasen-nose Beer.

I've heard of Malvoisie that's quaff'd by the Knight,
 Our Beer, Sirs, is drunk both by *day* and by *night* :
 I've heard, too, of Burgundy lov'd by a Friar ;
 What's that to our Beer, which is brew'd by a *Prior* ?

Behold now the figure of Bossom our Porter ;
Does he look like a man to be tempted by water ?
That form so majestic, 'tis perfectly clear,
Has throve pretty well upon Brasen-nose Beer.

They say that good wine never needeth a bush ;
That a sign is not wanted to shew the best lush :
He lies in his throat who says our Beer is poor,
Though a jolly *Brass Nose* does hang over the door.

"What ! our College a Public ?" Aye, listen to me,
While I quote you a D.D.'s high authority :*
Dr. Ingram asserts, and his side I espouse,
Brasen-nose 's but an alias for King's Brewing-house.

Come—a pull at the tankard—each rubicund face
Wears a jollier look and a mellower grace ;
Gaunt Logic avaunt—nor ye Classics draw near
On the night that is hallow'd to Brasen-nose Beer.

Answers Logic, half-pettish, " Good Sirs, do not flout me,
I'll shew that you'll do better with than without me.
Put your lips to the tankard—the liquor will then shew
The wonderful use of Simplex Apprehensio :

"Then Judicium—those smacks of the lips clearly tell
That your judgment distinguishes tol'rably well :
And as for Discursus—just hark to the row !
Sure you never had need of my aid more than now."

* Vide *Memorials of Oxford*, Vol. III. St. Mary the Virgin ;
account of Church, p. 2.

Lo ! a host of thin spirits now flit round the Hall,
While vine-clad Anacreon thus answers for all :
“ Oh, had but our times known such excellent cheer,
We might now have been drinking your Brasenose Beer.”

’Mid scenes so rejoicing, yet still to my eyes
The visions of days that are past will arise,
When the first on the river, the first in the Schools,
Your fathers ne’er yielded to striplings or fools.

Then foremost again your old places resume,
Leave others behind you to pant and to fume :
Yourselves be again what your fathers once were ;
Ye eat the same commons, ye drink the same Beer.

My muse now shuts up with a pain in her jaws,
A pretty strong hint that it’s time I should pause ;
I think so myself, or I very much fear
You’ll all be soon fuddled by Brasenose Beer.

One moment yet stay, ere I bid you adieu,
Let us have one good shout as we once used to do :
Come—Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah ! let us raise the loud cheer,
As we part (p’raps for ever) from Brasenose Beer.

Οὐκ ἐκ κριθῶν πεποιημένῳ διαχρέωνται· οὐ γὰρ σφί εἰσι ἐν τῇ χώρῃ
ἀμπελοι.—HERODOT. ii. 77.

“ Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus
Corticem astrictum pice dimovebit
Amphoræ.”—HORAT. Lib. iii. Od. 8.

Now the shades of evening fall,
And the sun, retreating,
Once again within the Hall
Brings our hour of meeting :
Now the fire is blazing bright,
And darkness closes thicker,
What shall be our toast to-night ?
What shall be our liquor ?

What ?—there needs no second thought ;
For ours are toasts of yore,
Themes on which our grandsires thought,
And we will evermore.
Drink in heart, if not in voice,
To all we love and honour ;
To our Queen—her wedded choice—
Blessings be upon her !

Church and State, and ruling powers,
 Friends of stormy weather,
 Friends of bright and happy hours,
 Toast them all together ;
 To homes, to Alma Mater dear,
 To none of all we fail ;
 Drink them—but what shall be our cheer ?
 What—but our Brasenose Ale ?

What meeter to bid cares depart,
 For all what better charm,
 For student pale—to cheer his heart,
 For oar—to nerve his arm ?
 Then touch again the tankard's brink,
 Again the can assail,
 Now to our own—to Brasenose drink,
 Drink in her own bright Ale.

Albeit with the name be joined
 Some saddening retrospections
 Of lectures stern—chains tightly bound—
 And grim, white-tied Collections :
 Though harsh, Macbeth-like,* sound the bell
 To murder sleep ere dawn,
 And Dons protect the grass-plot well,
 Because they love *the lawn*.

* Macbeth *does murder sleep*, the innocent sleep.

MACBETH, Act ii. Scene 2.

Though in our path, with perils fraught,
Lie dread Examinations ;
Though teeming* joys be dearly bought
By mournful rustications :
“ We will not think on themes like these,”
Nor let their shades prevail ;
Chase them like snow before the breeze,
Drown them in Brasenose Ale.

They sang of old, that Lethe quaffed
Oblivion deep could bring :
Not such shall be our genial draught,
Our Shrove-tide offering.
Nay rather, as the can we drain,
Let past with present blend,
Think on each once-famed Brasenose name,
Think on each parted friend.

So when each now familiar face
From these our haunts has fled,
And we and ours, a changing race,
To other scenes have sped,
What potion bland—what charmed cup
Old times shall then prevail
In memory’s eye to summon up ?—
One draught of Brasenose Ale !

1843.

J. G. C.

* Query—“teaming?”—*Printer’s Devil.*

"'Tis merry in Hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide."

HENRY IVth, Part II.

HUZZAH for the spigot, the faucet, and pail,
Huzzah for our tankards of bonny brown Ale,
Let us all be prepared for a jolly day.
Away with reflection, or dull retrospection,
Let no timid bosom suggest an objection,
For this is our annual holiday.

Of true British growth is the nectar we boast,
The homely companion of plain boil'd and roast,
Yet suited for Hall or for Parlour.
Whenever with friends we're inclined to be merry,
'Tis better to give honest Ale than bad Sherry,
Or hope to deceive with Marsala.

Then round let it pass, in our Rooms or in Hall,
For its fumes the bright eyes of our love shall recall,
Or the smiles of a fair one so winning ;
While our bosoms are glowing, our thoughts overflowing,
Our tongues with a railway celerity going,
And heads with the lambs-wool are spinning.

'Tis the season of mirth, 'tis the eve of delight,
Then give all the honour we owe to this night,
 Such moments are truly delicious ;
Our spirits shall waft us to regions of bliss,
For one can of liquor so precious as this
 Would tickle the ribs of Apicius.

Oh yield not to thoughts of the good days of old,
When head of the river our boat was enroll'd,
 No daring competitor caught us ;
'Till careless or idle—secure in our strength,
Our vigour decreasing, we fulfil at length
 The tale of the hare and the tortoise.

Regret cannot speed us—let's turn to our Ale,
Its nourishing powers descend by entail,
 While time does away with its blemishes ;
Our courage shall rise, and our vigour return,
When senior and freshman shall equally learn
 'Tis made to be drunk on the premises.

Father Mathew may boast what water can do,
We'll shew him what liquor our Prior can brew,
 What spirits his bumpers can foster :
No proselyte here shall be ever secure,
But turn to the Pope for a cold water cure ;
 No Mathew shall be Pater-noster.

If any there be who, in spite of our fame,
Would quench the bright lustre that circles our name,
 The merits of spring-water skill'd in,
To let well alone such poor youths must prepare,
Or else, when the dinner is over, repair
 To the pump in the little back building.

For we'll push round the can pretty briskly to night,
Our sconces to wit and to mirth shall give light,
 And the Hall shall be rocking with laughter ;
Not a spirit shall shrink, to a man we'll all drink,
To our friends, with our friends, nor allow time to think
 Of any effect to come after.

1844.

F. P.

“ Mund an und ab, Mund ab und an,
 So lang' ich dich noch halten kann !
 Nun nimmer leer und stille stehn,
 Nun nimmer, nimmer müssig gehn,
 Wo's giebt noch volle Flaschen.”

Trinklied.—MÜLLER.

“ Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti
 Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.”

GEORG. III. 379-80.

“ If with water you fill up your glasses,
 You 'll never write any thing wise ;
 For *ale* is the horse of Parnassus,
 Which hurries a bard to the skies !”

Odes of Anacreon.—MOORE.

THE era of Polka has beamed forth its light,
 And many a heart has it thrill'd with delight,
 But can it compare with the silvery smile,
 Of the tankard, where lurks so *deep* a wile ?

'Twas glorious to see the “ Ocean's child,
 The Spaniards and Turk, and the Indian wild*,”
 Quaff champagne to the weal of the Phoenix, and boat,
 And cheer it onwards in vict'ry to float.

* “ Last night a Fancy Dress and Polka Ball was given at Brasenose College, Oxford, which was numerously and fashionably attended.”—*Morning Post*, Jan. 31st.

But oh ! that our Ale had bade us to cheer,
Then Christ Church and Merton no more should we fear !
Oh ! that our Prior had stood in the place
Of Sims, Gammon, and Guy, and their roguish race.

Though stern is the conflict 'tween Church and State,
Since the Seven joined heads in grim debate,
As the Seven who joined their nodding helms,
To scatter the might of the Theban realms ;

Yet ours be the season for mirth and glee,
To Seniors we'll leave dire heresy,
And merrily rhyme in our verses free,
The weight of Bossom, and old B.N.C.

Let the Scotchman prate of his "usquebaugh ;"
Oh ! verily, won't we believe it a' ?
Let Paddy swear to his smoky "potheen,"
By the "sowl" of St. Patrick and his lady's e'en.

Let the Welshman boast of his "cwrw da ;"
St. Talfydd may vouch for all he saw,
And drank—but we'll stick to our Brasen-nose,
And we'll quaff it in Hall and "sur la rose."

And if needs we must swear, why we'll swear by "*our nose*,"
Which high o'er the portal in mystery glows,
Which "lamb's-wool" has dyed, and Shrovetide shall see
With "lamb's-wool" ever toasted in three times and three.

“ Illud est Catonis senis : a quo cum quæreretur, quid maxime in re familiari expediret ? respondit, ‘ Bene pascere.’ ”

Cicero de Officiis, Lib. II. cap. 25.

STRONG Brasenose Ale, to us the fruitful spring
Of joys unnumber'd, Undergraduates sing ;
That Ale, which gave, in these our boating days,
To all the racing crew immortal praise.
Declare, O Muse, how many years ago,
Who built the brew'ry, bade the tankard flow.

When England's king with many a warlike band,
His course directed to broad Isis' strand,
Thrice had kind victory deign'd her son to crown,
And thrice in desperate fight the Danes done brown ;
Now peace invited here to build a town
And raise aloft the glories of the gown.
The town was built, and pointed domes arise,
Where Brasenose gateway proudly sees the skies ;
Before the gate the admiring monarch stands,
Lauding it thus to his surrounding bands :—
“ Approach, ye English, and behold the sight,
A palace fit for any Lord or Knight ;
Its fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends.
If aught your tender consciences offend,
To all complaints a gracious ear we lend.”

He said ; the Schools with loud applauses sound ;
The hollow Quads each deafening shout rebound.

Then spoke his son, for wisdom long approved,
And hemming twice, he thus his father moved ;—

“ Monarch of nations, whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey ;
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and heaven.
Strict are thy statutes ; no top-boots we wear,
No warlike swords upon our thighs we bear ;
No clothyard shafts we from our bows let fly,
Lest we smash lamps, knock out some tutor's eye ;
No marble in circles on the hall-steps rolls,
We cannot play lag-out, nor yet three-holes.*

Hear then a thought, not now conceived in haste,
At once my present judgment and my past.

When I in distant climes, my country left,
Passed my sad school days, of all joy bereft,

One thing alone did cheer this mournful soul ;

There all day long the Burschen pass the bowl,

And circling eddies from their long pipes roll,

Grant then, O grant it, Alfred, father dear,

The only solace of our life,—some Beer ;

That, lectures done, and reading o'er, we may

With good strong lamb's-wool drive our cares away.”

* See the Statutes :—*De vestitu et habitu scholastico : De ludis prohibitis.*

Thus spake the prince, who set us all afloat,
And pull'd first stroke in the old Brasenose boat.
Not then did Gadney's messenger alert
Bring round the tale of muffins and dessert,
Nor billiard rooms their portals free display'd,
To lure the freshman, or the crafty blade.
No wonder then with joy the students glow'd,
Ev'n Alfred stared, and smiling, " Well I'm blow'd !
O truly great ! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind ;
To thy petition freely I incline,
To give thee gen'rous beer and musty wine ;
Yet more, some one to brew—nor knight, nor squire—
Who knows what beer is well,—some jolly Prior."

Gentles, my tale is told, how Alfred free
Gave to our College beer and brewerie ;
Yet still I bid you mark in after ages
What happen'd in our history's later pages ;
How Oxford gownsmen, without guile or fraud,
Against the usurper Stephen fought for Maude,
How, when all England in deep darkness lay,
Oxford for Charles almost restored the day ;
How Heber from our College walls set out,
And in the theatre gained the applauding shout.
What did all these ? Let temp'rance men grow pale ;
It was, no one can doubt it, Brasenose Ale.

Φρόθμεα φλάγον ὀφ'
 βράζ' ἐν ᾧς ἄλλῃ
 στουτ' ἂν δ' ᾤλδ' ἂν δ'
 ἄς ἄμβερ παῖλ.

Fragmentum nescio cuius comici—
 apud Athenæum.

COME, troll the jovial flagon,
 Come fill the bonny bowl,
 Come, join in laughing sympathy
 Of soul with kindred soul ;
 Cast rules of dull formality
 With their barriers to the wind,
 Leave care and pale sobriety
 With their kill-joy train behind.

For merry Shrovetide's festival
 Invites me to the tale,
 To sing the annual praises
 Of our Butler and our Ale ;
 So, having turned the magic *peg*
 In Pegasus' right ear,*
 I mount with him to Helicon
 To laud our Prior's cheer.

* "The Indian turned a small peg in the right ear of his horse, which at the same moment rose with him, with the rapidity of

But while so gently wafted up
Through æther's tide we go,
From the saddle of old *Aleifer*†
I gaze on all below ;
The year that's past, its memories,
Comes crowding o'er my mind,
And a glorious vision fills my soul
As I leave the world behind.

Far far beneath my courser
Extend earth's lessening plains,
And to my sight retiring still
Nought else but mist remains ;
Save where from the murky wilderness
One bright *oasis* beams ;
One glittering scene, like the emerald's green,
Through the gathering darkness streams.

I looked—and memory with a smile
Her telescope produced ;
I looked—it was our well-known quad
That meteor light effused ;
And round about its verdant turf
A festive band with might
Their glowing hearts and voices glad
In one great cheer unite.

lightning, before the eyes of the whole court."—*Enchanted Horse, Arab. Nights.*

† Bentley proposes to restore the word to its original form *Aleifer*.

I listened to their merriment

As it rose through the echoing air,

And I heard these oft-sung praises

That the heaven-bound breezes bear ;

“ The pluckiest crew on Isis stream

“ By victory caressed,

“ Is the one that has sacked the Christ Church Boat,

“ And distanced all the rest.

“ Let us all defend with heart and hand

“ The flag we have unfurled ;

“ Then B.N.C. shall dauntless bid

“ Defiance to the world :

“ But fast would flow the College tears,

“ If Christ Church hands should seize

“ The flag that has weathered a precious tough year

“ The battle and the breeze.”

Fainter, still fainter sounding

On my ear their voices throb,

Till they die in cadence exquisite,

Like the night wind's fitful sob ;

But just then poised a moment

My courser looks around,

Ere he sinks with speed centrifugal

To the Muses' sacred ground.

Downward, down, my steed and I,
As fresh as when he did begin it,
And we land at Hippocrene, just having done
The last eighty leagues in a minute.
Having bedded him up, and seen him all right,
I sally forthwith to the fountain,
And these are the fruits of the hearty long pull
I took at the tap on the mountain.

O ale ! *aurum potabile* !
That gildest life's dull hours,
When its colour weareth shabbily,
When fade its summer flowers :
We've many friends around us,
But who will e'er avow
That friends, my amber Brasenose Ale,
As faithful are as thou ?

A juice thou art, extracted
From the tongues of women fair,
Mixed with spirits from the lion's heart,
Good sooth ! decoction rare :
For when that we have quaffed enough,
We'll talk away for ever,
And fight old Nicholas himself
Under any form whatever.

We're told once from Magnesia
 (I mean a part of Greece)
An Argonautic party sailed,
 To win some golden *fleece* :
But, I maintain, those jolly boys
 Were nought, with all their cargo,
But a club who drank enough *lambswool*
 To float a ship called Argo.

I sing not private schoolboy trash,
 They nickname dingy swipes,
Not Bass's p'l' ale, nor foreign wines
 Promoters of the gripes.
Yet still I do not Bacchus slight,
 Of charity for lack O !
No ! though my strains sing Prior's Ales,
 I love a *puff of 'bacco*.

Dry toasts to thee shall never be,
 Fell heartburn to promote ;
But like as when the Muse's swans
 O'er the crystal fountain float,
First dip their bills in the water,
 Then sing as on they glide,
We, too, will sing, having dipped our beaks
 In thy flagon's inspiring tide.

There's *Punch* for the seedy player,
There's *Spruce* too for the swell,
Madeiry for each dark-eyed fair,
Champagne suits schoolboys well ;
The sailor bold delights in *Port*,
The soldier loves his *Tent*,
All singers praise *Canary*, and
On *Sack* the miller's bent.

His thin, thin wines the Gaul may drink,
And prate of their *bouquet* rare ;
The German his hock may eulogise,
But at best they're *ordinaire* ;
Instead of their *hoc* fill a *hujus* bowl
Of such tippie as life sustains ;
Old Ale I am certain will mount to our heads,
But I think it won't add to our brains.

When other lips and future bards
Shall sing of B.N.C. ;
When the ringing laugh now echoing here
Shall hushed for ever be ;
Some few bright tales from memory's store
Shall of the past be told,
And the listener shall look proudly back
On the palmy days of old,

When the vigour of a Meynell's arm
 Upheld her sinking name,
 And the sinews of a Cocks or Tuke
Pulled fresh laurels for her fame :
 When, cheered by Prior's mighty Ale,
 To victory we steered,
 And o'er the vanquished Varsity
 Our flag triumphant reared.

1846.

J. S. B.

"Salvere jubet *Prior*."—HORAT. EPIST.

"The grace cup served with all decorum."—POPE.

"*Liber liangua loquuntur ludis liberalibus*."—NÆVIUS.

No offspring of the fruitful vine,
 From crystal goblet quaffed,
 Inspires this lowly muse of mine ;
 She sings a humble draught,
 Yet not disdained : for carols bold,
 Ere we "the silken sail
 Of infancy" unfurled, have told
 Of mantling Brasenose Ale.

Our Butler holds a high domain ;
Our cellars are full stored ;
But not with wine of France or Spain
We grace the College board.
With foaming liquor, malt-distilled,
(Our Butler's good largesse)
Stand the huge flagons brimming filled,
Which to our lips we press.

Old recollections, in a crowd,
Are with the theme imbued ;
Here, ere the College he endowed,
The Royal Saxon brewed.
And here—within our ancient hall—
The stream, which ne'er hath failed,
Our mighty giant, strong and tall,
“The Childe of *Hale*,” *inhaled*.

Here Prelate, Statesman, Poet, Sage,
As annual Shrovetides came,
Have drunk their College beverage,
And sung its deathless fame.
Here Heber, Brasenose' holy son,
Here Milman, poet-priest,
And here the courtly Addington,
Have kept their College feast.

Perchance the amber draught bestows
Some inspiration bright ;
Perchance some name to rival those
Is echoed here to-night ;
And future worthies, yet unborn,
May drain the tankards old,
And sing our Ale, when we are gone,
And our last knell is told.

So let it be :—when others haunt
These scenes we love so well,
May sweet and heartfelt strains still vaunt
Our annual festival :
Still may each Brasenose heart respond
To strains with Brasenose rife,
And College friendships form a bond—
To break alone with life.

“ Plenum opus ale(æ). ”

Merry the soul of the jolly punch-bowl,
As it whirls round the table in giddy career ;
But merrier me, when the flagon flows free,
Discussing the choicest of Brasen-nose Beer !

Merry the sound, as the bottle flies round,
Of voices discordantly greeting the ear :
But nor punch-bowl nor sherry, though never so merry,
Can equal the glories of Brasen-nose Beer.

Whose heart beats not high, as he drains the cup dry,
And proposes a toast to good friends and good cheer ?
That heart is not true, if it thrill not anew,
As we quaff the bright goblet of Brasen-nose Beer.

Come, wildest of Muses ! (for who ever chooses
The Goddess of Sadness his patroness here ?)
Strike loudly thy lyre to the praises of Prior,
Till each chord swell the triumph of Brasen-nose Beer.

So much for our Beer ! but our claims rest not here ;
 No less in pure water unrivall'd our fame :
 When we've roam'd the world over, we still shall discover
 On the smooth waves of Isis unchalleng'd our name.

Search the annals of rowing, and who'll be for showing,
 As each year it grows brighter, a stain on our crown ?
 Entwin'd is our story with garlands of glory,
 And wreath'd with the laurels of endless renown.

What more ? since in Beer our honours are clear,
 Since in water triumphant we never can fail ;
 But one thing we need to complete us indeed—
 One soul-cheering goblet of Brasen-nose Ale.

Even beer of the best must then poor be confess'd,
 Then Magdalene's choicest her glory must veil,
 And New College proof must keep farther aloof,
 Nor compete with a goblet of Brasen-nose Ale.

For Beer of our own to this liquor alone
 Yields the palm as the best of Oxonian Ale ;
 And, though easy to shew, as we very well know,
 That our College stands high in the watery scale,

Still ἀπιστον μὲν ἴδωρ 's a maxim to brood o'er,
 And reflect once again ere such facts we retail ;
 For I think that our poet would never allow it,
 Were he pledg'd in a goblet of Brasen-nose Ale. ;

And now for a toast, lest such liquor be lost !

Let each goblet foam gaily, each flagon flow free !
Let nobody shrink, as we merrily drink,
As we merrily cheer with a three times three.

The London Press say, if believe them we may,
Who profess to be "all eyes and ears" for the nation,
That each gentleman there, when he dines with the Mayor,
Drinks a health to his host and the whole Corporation.

And why should not we in such doctrine agree ?
For 'tis certain no Alderman ventures to cross him ;
And why not propose, ere our festival close,
One round to the grand Corporation of B———m ?

1847.*

H. T.

“ And here’s a pot of good double beer, neighbour ; drink, and fear
not your man.

Let it come, i’ faith, and I’ll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter !”

2nd Part of King Henry VI. Act 2, Scene 3.

Comx, quickly trowl the nut-brown bowl,

Come, send it gaily round,

No man to fail to drink this ale

Shall ever here be found.

With jovial laugh the rich bowl quaff,

So sparkling, bright, and clear ;

It seems to say, this is the day,

The merriest of our year.

Ye Masters all, within this hall,

Ye Bachelors so blest,

Each Scholar here, and Commoner,

And each invited guest,

This day once more, as oft before,

Your cups the Butler brings ;

This single time, with bounden rhyme,

Your trembling poet sings.

With measured mirth first praise their worth,
Whose wealth and piety
These walls did raise, that learning's ways
Might not forgotten be :
For this shall they, now past away,
Be blest for what they've given,
And so enjoy, without alloy,
Eternal rest in Heaven.

For such return their gifts will earn,
From which, on us bestowed,
We well may deem a bounteous stream
Of excellence has flowed.
Here Heber learnt what Hodson taught,
And Cleaver ruled herein ;
Here Wrangham's song and Dunbar's wit
First had their origin.

Nor these alone : for Addington
Here learnt 'twas best to choose
Honour and truth in politics ;
Here Milman wooed his muse :
And as each year brought Shrovetide round,
As on this festival,
Have such as these, and many more,
Made merry in this hall.

Then praise their name whose former fame
Adds to our high estate ;
And drink to those who now sit here,
Since they may be as great.
Perhaps one here will charm the ear
With witching poesy :
Perhaps some statesman or divine
Unnoted here may be.

Nor want we legendary tales
To prove our ancient worth,
Since we can claim great Alfred's name,
As his who gave us birth ;
And here good store of learning's lore
Erigena once taught ;
And learning then for learning sake
Was diligently sought.

The King's Hall then was famed, nor now
Do we disgrace her name,
Since Henley knows how Brasen-nose
Kept up her wonted fame ;
When rose a cry of victory
On either crowded shore,
And echo, as she onward rolled,
The glorious tidings bore.

Let Christ Church say how gallantly,
For twenty anxious nights,
(Till fatal chance, by envy moved,
Deprived us of our rights)
In every race we held that place
Which we shall hold again,
Since to gain glory which was lost
We may not strive in vain.

Then drink success to this year's boat ;
Come, pledge me in this ale ;
And, as you drink, dare not to think
That wish shall ever fail.
Mere giant strength may profit much,
But confidence still more ;
And pluck shall gain the victory,
As many a time before.

So must it be—yes ! drink again ;
Drink deep, and you shall find
The nectar in this sparkling cup
An emblem of the mind.
For it is sound, for it is strong,
Pure as the virgin gold,
And tempered with befitting age ;
Yet spirited, though old.

Sweet, yet not cloying to the taste,
 That brings satiety ;
 Spiced, but yet full of Nature still,
 And Nature's purity.
 And when the cup is drained off,
 And our life too shall end,
 Still fragrant odours from the bowl
 Shall heavenwards ascend.

1848.

G. W. L.

"Plenum opus Ale(æ)"—HORACE.

"'Twas not the porter's fault, it was the beer."

MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

"Sheer ale supports him under everything. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing."—GUY MANNERING.

AGAIN, our festival to grace,
 The nut-brown ale is streaming ;
 Again the light of other days
 Around our heads is beaming :
 Those days of old, when the "Childe" so bold
 Drained his tankard as blithely as we,
 And welcomed by all was the Shrovetide call
 To the board of old B.N.C.

Yes, proudly then did Brasenose boast
A high ancestral name,
Nor have we yet our glories lost,
Or marred our early fame :
'Twas the Hall of a King, as old Chroniclers sing,
And kingly it ever shall be :
Then merrily still our flagons we'll fill
To the praise of old B.N.C.

To-day the memory recalls
Of ages past and gone,
When first within our ancient walls
The light of learning shone ;
And each gem so bright in that circle of light,
Which illumined her infancy,
Still gilds with its ray the meridian day
Of our time-honoured B.N.C.

And many a bard in future days
Shall drink our college ale,
And tell in soul-inspiring lays
This oft-repeated tale :
Long, long may we hear these echoes so dear,
Still often these tankards see,
And as years roll along make our annual song
To the praise of old B.N.C.

And while we quaff the goblet here,
Forget we not their worth,
Whose honoured names we all revere
 " As those who gave us birth :"
While we welcome with pride each merry Shrovetide,
While their portraits around we see,
Forget not to raise our tribute of praise
To the Founders of B.N.C.

To their munificence we owe
 A long and bright array
Of names which we can proudly show,
 The noblest in their day :
Yes, Prelate and Peer, and Statesman here,
 With Noble of high degree,
Have kept in this Hall their festival,
And rejoiced in old B.N.C.

And still we hear a good old name
 Each Shrovetide echoed here ;
It bids us remember our former fame,
 Nor disgrace our college cheer ;
It bids us be brave on the Isis' wave,
 That the Oxford world may see
That the " Childe of Hale" can never fail,
Nor the oars of old B.N.C.

"'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye."

BURNS.—*John Barleycorn.*

WINE Anacreon's lays inspired,
And all his soul with rapture fired :
Then let not, Muse, a poet fail,
When he sings the praise of Ale :—
Ale so strong, yet soft as silk,
Flowing down like mother's milk :
Ale, that courage gave, and might,
To our forefathers in the fight :
Ale with learning always joined,
For College Ale the best you find ;
And if you search all Oxford round,
The best at Brasenose will be found.
For did not Brasenose Ale inspire
Our Barham's wit, and Heber's lyre,
And others, whose immortal praise
Has been proclaimed in happier lays ?

I need not tell how long supreme
Our College reigned on Isis' stream ;
Or how from Henley's banks the cries
Of victory assailed the skies :
The self-same Ale, that to those arms
Lent strength, e'en now our bosoms warms.
But while we feast within this hall,
There's one o'erlooks us from the wall,
Whose praise, alas ! delayed too late,
Let it be mine to vindicate ;
Who, had he lived in days of old,
A hundred pens his fame had told,
His glory through all lands had spread,
And wreaths of laurel crowned his head.
For he was first of all mankind
In crystal fetters Ale to bind ;
When, after due probation past
In subterranean vault, at last
It issues forth our lips to greet,
More fresh, more sparkling, and more sweet.
Then all your tardy thanks express,
And Nowell's* name with rapture bless.
Come, then, as free libations pour
As men to Bacchus did of yore.
Though wine a proper god may boast,
Yet think not thus our cause is lost :

* Said to have been the first who ever bottled ale.

Our god, although without a name,
 No more shall be unknown to fame ;
 To him we'll rear a nobler shrine
 Than e'er was raised to God of Wine.
 Let Brasenose then his temple be,
 And his ardent votaries we ;
 Let Shrovetide be his annual feast,
 And Prior minister his priest.

1849.*

H. P.

“ Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
 Tibiâ sumis celebrare, Clio ?
 Quem Deum, cujus recinet jocosa
 Nomen imago ?”

ONCE more returning Shrovetide bids us hail
 The Feast of Pancake and the Flow of Ale
 In Brasenose held, prime revel of the year—
 Day of unmatched, unmitigated Beer.

Oh ! for a forty-poet power to pay
 The well-earned tribute of our humble lay,
 And in meet verse elaborate a strain
 To praise the luscious fragrant flood we drain.
 Thou, genuine progeny of malt and hop,
 Mirth's keenest spur, the weary's stoutest prop,

Chief potentate of Ale, long dost thou reign,
 And well thy famed *Priority* maintain ;
 For mighty magic's powers in thee are shown,
 And the Ale-Genius claims thee for his own.

Yes ! let us learn a lesson from the Greek,
 And for our model copy the antique ;
 When Fancy peopled Heaven with deity,
 And loved in every gift a God to see—
 Those countless legions whom old Hesiod sings—
 Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes of all sorts of things.

'Tis true the Greeks adored no God of Ale,
 Which was not then an article of sale :
 Ἐκ κριθῶν μέθυ had no favourite shops ;
 And why ? they *had* the malt, but *lacked* the hops.
 But had they chanced one glass like this to lap,
 They would have deemed it Nectar—Jove's own tap ;
 Made its inventor second in the sky ;
 Perchance e'en loved it more than you or I.
 Anacreon had not sung the praise of wine,
 Or Horace thought Falernian divine.

So in our creed a want I would supply,
 Apostle of a new Divinity,
 And preach to Brasenose in a modern style
 A piece of Hero-worship (from Carlyle) ;
 And with each cheering draught would bid you hail
 The Patron-Genius of the Brasenose Ale.

From skulls our pagan fathers used to quaff,
 (As we've known heads too full of Ale by half) ;

The Saxon Franklin and the jovial monk
Brewed of the best, and on the best got drunk ;
Till Art, proceeding on with favouring gale,
Finds her climacteric in Brasenose Ale.

See round our walls what varied portraits shine
Of Poet, Scholar, Statesman, and Divine,
The giant intellects of races gone,
Whom Brasenose nursed, and loved to call her own ;
Men whose renown from age to age has shed
Reflected rays of glory on her head.
Think ye they lived a Water-Company,
Or irrigated brains like theirs with tea ?
No ! the rich liquid lives in every face ;
Spiced Ale in every lineament we trace.
Theirs are the mighty shades that dimly glide
Where Victory beams upon the turf or tide,
And watch succeeding races, unrevealed,
First on the river, foremost in the field.

Such was their glory once : and must we deem
Those scenes of triumph but a transient gleam,
That, like the pageants of some festal day,
Charm but an instant, and then pass away ?
For Brasenose spirit clouded seemed and cold,
Deaf to the lessons taught her sons of old,
When three sad summers saw, with sorrowing eye,
Reft from her brows the wreath of victory
So long her pride—as if in genial air
It loved to root itself and blossom there—

Why then has Fortune donned this April face,
That spot deserting which she used to grace ?
Is not some debt of gratitude unpaid,
Some homage due, some sacrifice delayed ?
Yes ! 'tis the Genius, whose constant toil
Has planted blessings in a heedless soil ;
Till now in warning, more than ire, he lifts
A chastening arm to make us own his gifts.
Then let us haste these errors to atone ;
Entreat his favour whilst he may be won :
Propitiate his wrath with lowliest notes,
And pour a long libation—down our throats.
In his rich Ale be all your sorrows sunk ;
Be devotees ; but don't, like it, be drunk !

The spell is broke ! the new half century
Dawns upon men who pant for victory,
That pride of place, those laurels to restore,
Which we have won and worn so oft before.
Already, see, another era comes,
Visions of " Conquering heroes," " sound the drums,"
Throng on my sight ; I hear the clamours rise,
Peal after peal and thunder to the skies ;
While they, low lowering once, propitious hail,
And pouring welcome greet the joyous tale ;
As hopes, fears, doubts, we sink them—all the lump—
In one " tarnation everlasting" bump !

“ Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.”

O THAT my arms, my hands, my feet,
Had voices to be heard !
To tell the rapturous joy by which
My inmost soul is stirred.

The years roll on and seasons pass,
And find us as we were,
And this Shrove Tuesday finds us yet
Sworn friends unto our Beer.

To celebrate the golden flood
Has been our yearly aim ;
But, while ye drink, forget not him
Who has a “ Prior claim.”

We'll praise him also while we sing
The praise of Brasenose Ale :
The gift is good ; the giver's due
To pay we should not fail.

The poets of a former day
Once drank the joys of wine ;
Their consecrating lays knew not
A subject more divine.

The golden bowls before us foam,
So drink we while we may ;
And let our joyous fancy roam,
While yet 'tis called to-day.

Call back the hours and bygone years ;
The past count as to-day ;
Impersonate past hopes and fears
In this our present lay.

Around these boards have many sat
Who are but names to-day ;
They quaffed the goblet's brimming flood,
And owned its thrilling sway.

Those whose titles hallowed are
And stamped on Memory's page,
Undying honours, wide and far,
Will gain from age to age ;

Still will *his* name, our greatest pride,
Fond admiration guard ;
Yet breathes enshrined in our hearts
The memory of the bard.

Once too he drank of Brasenose Ale—
Perchance the cup you taste
His lips have hallowed once, and with
Immortal honour graced.

And others too have slaked their thirst
In that Lethean bowl,
Whose memory, for ever dear,
Shall warm the grateful soul.

Their's were the days, when reverence deep
Time's hallowing influence blest :
Each gift received they strove to keep,
The present thinking best.

A change has now obscured the dream,
With blessedness once teeming ;
Now better doth the future seem,
In fancied colours gleaming.

Time-honoured institutions fall ;
Our countrymen are changed :
And we might say our senators
Were hopelessly deranged.

What ! shall our Alma Mater find
Ransacked her ancient walls,
While all that was revered of old
In revolution falls ?

One Church we own ; one faith ; one Queen
Our loyalty receives :
Why leave the unity inscribed
On Inspiration's leaves ?

Time-honoured halls, ye ne'er were meant
For throngs of every creed ;
Nor at your boards should e'er Dissent
Its rankling venom feed.

What mean ye then, ye counsellors ?
Ye cannot fuse all schism :
Your efforts are the efforts of
Satanic Liberalism !

As soon will acid vinegar
Mix with emollient oil :
Then why in such vain trifling
Our institutions spoil ?

But stay, enough ; ye revellers all
Be thankful for the past ;
Then after pray the palmy days
Of B.N.C may last.

And days there have been—days of fame,
In glory glistening bright ;
Toast as ye drink each honoured name
Of proud ancestral might !

The day from this not distant far
Shall memory not recall,
When Isis' waters owned her sway,
Long ere they saw her fall ?

Let this year then call back to her
The trophies won and lost,
And may the final heat behold
Her at the rightful post !

The oar uplifted shall pay back
Her own prescriptive due :
The borrowed homage let her take
From each admiring crew !

1851.

W. B.

“Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river.”—TENNYSON.

DEPART not thus, ye Muses, O not thus
Desert your chosen haunts of Brasenose ;
A little longer yet abide with us,
Where still the unstinted full libation flows ;
Though our Professorship hath seen its close,
Let Brasenose brewery still your presence hail,
Nor let our yearly verses sink to prose ;
But shed your influence upon Brasenose Ale,
That as it flowed of old, to flow it may not fail.

'Twas to Apollo Brasenose Ale gave birth,
As foam-sprung Venus ancient bards have sung ;
" No perishable denizen of earth,"
Minerva-like, from Milman's brain he sprung ;
And " Bacchus, ever fair and ever young,"
Hath long forsaken his Falernian wine,
To reign alone our Shrovetide joys among,
To be sole essence of that draught divine,
Whose might in Brasenose owned, is owned in Palestine.

Hear then, O Bacchus, hear, and, as of yore,
Again unto thy votaries appear,
Clad in the glory thou wast clad before,
And gird thee on thy strength of Brasenose Beer.
Come quickly, for if once in Gath they hear
That Oxford men invoke a Grecian god,
Then haply shall some rude Commissioner
Insult us with accusing swiftness shod,
While wrathful stand on end the grass of Brasenose Quad.

By the full tankard that begins to foam,
As of some influence conscious not its own,
The god vouchsafes to take it for his home,
(A glorious god and no inglorious throne,)
And, by the god that hath the tankard flown,
Bacchus ascending left to me his mantle ;
And by that sound hiccough betwixt and groan,
And by the thoughts that scarce I clearly can tell,
Bacchus my whirling brain instructeth how to rant well.

For Brasenose Beer is as some fleecy cloud,
That as it lightly floateth through the air,
The noonday glory of the sun doth shroud ;
And yet but little lack of glory there :
For that fair cloud, than solar rays more fair,
The light of day with envy turneth pale;
Nor rudest blasts that cloud to scatter dare,
(The sun confessed less beauteous than his vail) :
And such the virtue is of Brasenose College Ale.

And is there one, who, when his eyes are dim,
“ And all the god comes rushing on his soul,”
When Bacchus lords it o'er his every limb,
And fiery fancy bids his eyeballs roll,
Could wish that he had left untouched the bowl,
Were guiltless as the tankard drained of beer ?
Back to thy native milk, thou ass's foal !
Though thou be senior or but fresh this year ;
Lest Bacchus scornful ask “ What doth this greenhorn here ?”

Or Brasenose Beer is a slow solemn tune,
That chaseth all unseemly thoughts away,
Soft'neth the soul, that seems from marble hewn,
Refresheth as with heav'nly dew her clay,
Rouseth the passions, doth the passions lay,
The rude refineth, light'neth the opprest,
And maketh discord concord to obey,
And quick'neth fancy, fancy doth arrest,
And Brasenose Ale hath power to soothe the savage breast.

But ye, O birds, if ever in your flight
In College quad ye check the weary wing—
If that indeed a bird's-eye-view can quite
Or pierce through walls, or through yet grosser thing—
How 'twas the twice dead earth-grown barley, sing,
Celestial essence, quickening soul up-sprung ;
Ye saw, nor did ye see unmurmuring,
Beyond your reach your favoured barley flung,
But the great issue saw and full forgiveness sung !

For where a stately building towers betwixt
The Freshman rooms in backquad and the long,
Ye saw, how weakest things in union mixt
Become e'en by that very union strong ;
And, when ye knew the god, forgot your wrong,
Eager to be the first to bid him hail,
And sung his praises in your choicest song :
Which we re-echoing, will never fail,
'Our Brasenose Prior to praise, to drink our Brasenose Ale.

SHALLOW.—“By the mass, you’ll crack a quart together. Ha!
will you not?”—2ND PART OF HENRY IV.

No DOUBT it is a very tedious thing
To undertake a folio work on law,
Or metaphysics, or again to ring
The changes on the Flood or Trojan War :
Old subjects these, which Poets only sing
Who think a new idea quite a flaw ;
But thirst for novelty can’t fail in liking
The theme of Ale, the aptitude’s so striking.

To speak of Ale will first of course suggest
Some mention of the place where it is brewed ;
For though well known, yet it must be confessed
To omit it altogether would be rude.

In Alma Mater, then, one of the best
Of England’s Kings, amongst his other prudent
thoughts of comforts for his loyal subjects,
A brewery built to best promote his objects.

The beer being good was soon a great attraction,
For e'en a learned man needs strong support
In learning's toilsome work, lest a reaction
Should after too much toil produce a sort
Of weakness in him, such that like a fraction
Reduced to lowest power, as now is taught
In these new Statutes, he'll waste to a spectre,
Condemned to gruel, toast, and Chinese Nectar.

These Sages, then, (most sage, I often think,)
First built a Hall—when built King's Hall they call'd it—
In which to read, and, when they'd read, to drink :
('Twas just midway 'twixt Magdalen and St. Aldate ;)
Though now, as all things under age must sink,
A newer building stands where once the Hall did ;
And this, intended for a home of knowledge,
Is very aptly surnamed Brasenose College.

And from these walls has been upraised to fame
A race of heroes, and of men whose worth
Reflects a brilliant lustre on the name
Of that dear home which gave their glory birth,
Though, since to honor all who honor claim
Would be to search each corner of the earth,
I'll do no more than with all rev'rence utter
The name of Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.

True Englishmen these worthies lived and died ;
True English inspiration fired their brain ;
No foreign stimulants their wit supplied,
Nor sought they aids to mirth from France or Spain :
Heroes for valor worth the world beside,
They trusted not in Port, Hock, or Champagne,
But, Falstaff like (excuse my bad quotations),
They drank of Beer, "eschewing thin potations."

And well : for powers there are in Brasenose Beer
Which I don't think the "Powers of Fluids" notes.
For instance :—heavy bodies, as is clear
Most plainly in the case of eight-oared boats,
When buoyed up by it, though others sink, will peer
High o'er them all, like Ayckbourn's Patent Floats.
And should a doubt arise that I could prove it,
The "Childe of Hale" will once for all remove it.

And charms it has for men of science too :
For since that Liebig, to improve the sale
Of Allsopp's Beer, has fitted all anew
The "Organon" to malt both brown and pale,
And bids us in a scientific brew
To analyse—not arguments, but Ale ;
We humbly beg to recommend to critics
Our version of the Prior Analytics.

Yet still no prophet is required to tell

That some, who, in our new Reformers' bold
And frantic onslaught, bear away the bell,

May damn e'en Brasenose Beer for being old ;
Since, loving change not wisely but too well,

Antiquity they ruthlessly remould ;
And, lest ought good perchance escape perdition,
T' improve it forthwith issue a Commission.

But hold : Reform ! thy first-fruits woe have wrought,

And killed " the Duke," our Chancellor, outright :
Who, thinking, noble hero, that he ought

To swallow and digest, if e'er he might,
The blue and bitter pill of that Report,

With courage greater than of old to fight,
Did strive—with zeal, too, nought by age diminished—
But strove in vain, and fell before he finished.

Let draughts of Ale, then, drown our honest grief,

In hope that once again the " golden age"
Is " looming in the future" with relief

For all the ills of simpleton and sage.
Abuses dead, each bold reforming chief

Must follow suit for want of wars to wage :
And now, Reformers, spare your indignation
At my imploring this bless'd consummation.

Πῶς, τίς ἐνὶ συμφοραῖς.

SIMONIDES.

"Stick to punch and Buttery ale."

THACKERAY.—*Esmond*.

SHROVE TUESDAY comes again, the chosen day
On which our annual tribute we must pay
To Brasenose Beer. Could minstrel choose a theme,
More glorious than the Beer, which reigns supreme
O'er faithful subjects?—save perhaps a few
Poor plotting knaves, who other monarchs brew ;
Such as the bastard rebel Indian Ale,
Bitter from envy, and from weakness pale.

Yes ! Beer of Brasenose, here we own thy sway,
Though Morrell murmur—Truman turn away ;
Though Barclay frown, and Perkins vainly sneer,
(In whose deep vats the Negroes disappear) ;
Thou art of ales the Ale, of beers the very Beer !

In various ways with us thy power is felt ;
Moistened by thee, the arid " Commons " melt ;
Of thy refreshing stream the " Hedges " tell,
And the dry " Heather " knows thy fountains well.
Beneath thy influence the Dons descend
From height sublime, and all their stiffness bend ;

With sportive majesty they look around,
While classic wit, and ponderous jokes abound.
No more at sight of them the Freshmen quail ;
New courage comes with every draught of ale.
The hand which trembled, trembles now no more ;
Strong is the voice which shook with fear before.
Inspired by thee see issue forth in state
The mighty leader of the fierce debate ;
With studied attitude he takes his stand,
Serenely silly, and grotesquely grand—
Now he begins, and like some French alarum,
(I mean the thing which people use to scare 'em
In early morn) when once he has begun,
Nothing on earth can stop him till he's done.
With rapid gesture and with speed immense,
Heedless alike of grammar and of sense,
He fires away, and boobies round him sit
Who kindly laugh at all his borrowed wit.
The jaded scholar, who, with downcast looks
Crept to his place as musty as his books,
By thee refreshed, departs with altered pace,
The generous liquor mantling o'er his face,
Where roses now usurp the lily's place ;
With quickened genius he resumes his pen,
And writes for glory in his lonely den.

But while we celebrate with just applause
Thy mighty influence in learning's cause,
We would recall the pluck, the power and pace—
With all the triumphs of the well-tried race—

The sinewy strength, by beef sustained and thee,
Which brought her laurels back to B.N.C.
Long may she keep them who can keep them best ;
Long wave her flag triumphant o'er the rest :
May each succeeding year her fame renew,
And add fresh lustre to her noble crew.

Thus far thy fame is sung : nor stops it here.
M.P.'s ere now have blessed the God of Beer.
Bacchus has influence, when others fail,
To change a voter's mind, and turn the scale.
Our late election shows, as all may see,
How much the shifty Peelite owes to thee.
Did not the seniors of this ancient hall
Combine together for the Tory's fall ?
What meant those luncheons and those breakfasts here,
The feast of treason, and the flow of Beer ?

Did not the parsons, who, from distant shires,
Had left, with vain regret, their Christmas fires,
Weary from travelling, from hunger pale,
Accept with joy the proffered Brasenose Ale ?
Each had a place, the greatest and the least,
Their generous hosts invited all to feast ;
Then while they feasted, round their victims closed,
And all the Tories' foolish shifts exposed.
Of treacherous " Frails" they needed not the aid,
Their silent agent worked unseen, unpaid.
Their W. B. no scrutiny could fear,
It stood for nothing else but Wholesome Beer.

'Twere easy, then, the inward change to note,
 How Dudley lost, how Gladstone gained a vote.
 Could rustic arguments long time prevail
 'Gainst College eloquence and College Ale !

Oh, Dudley Perceval, thou fallen star,
 Whose only light shone from so very far,*
 Why didst thou let them lead thee by the nose,
 To start two thousand voters from repose ?
 Was it for thee inglorious to creep
 Amid the dirt which Chandos thought too deep ?
 To try the treacherous ground where others slid,
 To do, in fact, what Dr. Marsham did ?
 Why didst thou trust the knave of "clubs" in town ?
 Where was the host they promised to send down ?
 "Lo, a troop cometh !" cried one bitter Rad :
 His hearers looked around—and saw but "G. A. D.,"†

Enough of this : the warmth of either side
 Let us cool down and in the tankard hide ;
 And drink to Alma Mater—drink to all
 Who would not see her Institutions fall.
 May she keep safe, when danger near her lurks,
 From Jews, John Russell, Infidels, and Turks.

1853.*

G. J. W.

* Mr. Perceval was a Classman in 1822.

† George Anthony Denison.

"Prior est : Prior, inquit, ego adsum."—*JUV. Sat. I.*

—————"Sous mes yeux
Mousse un nectar digne des dieux."—*BÉRANGER.*

"Bursch ! if foaming Beer content ye,
Come and drink your fill ;
In the cellar there is plenty :
Himmel ! how you swill !" — *BON GAULTIER.*

A custom long time has been prevalent here
Which, although 'tis a custom, we ought to revere :

Yet to me it is clear
That once in each year
To sing praises of Beer
Is a task rather hard.
And the subject seems slack,
When we glance a bit back
On the well beaten track
Of each bard :
Though a bard could scarce fail,
In the praise of such Ale,
To bring out each year quite a different tale
From the last ;
If of fancy he'd stock,
Like the fount in the rock,
Which at Moses his knock
Bubbled fast.

But now, since I've taken
Upon me to waken
New notes from the strings which have been so much shaken,
In order to save my poetical bacon,
 May the great god of wine,
 And the musical nine,
 In pity incline
 To each halting line,
And help me to sing, with all due decorum,
Of a Beer which my readers have now got before 'em,
And of which if they drink much, 'tis certain to floor 'em,
Or at least make them argue like Philpotts or Gorham.
For Brasenose Beer is no thin meagre liquor,
Like that which poor curates so often wish thicker,
When invited to dine with their reverend Vicar,
Considered by some of them quite a predica-
 ment once in the week ;
When the fare is but scanty, domestic the rations,
And washed down their throats by insipid potations,
And flavoured perhaps with dry Latin quotations,
 Or even with Greek,
If the Vicar's a Scholar, with some little knowledge
Of hackneyed old phrases he picked up at College.
But the slightest inspection will make it quite clear
What a different liquor is Brasenose Beer,
Which we on each Shrove Tuesday celebrate here,
And challenge the world, though they look far and near,
To discover a better, or even its peer,

As a mere beverage ;
Though in this clever age
Brewers there are, as I'm told, not a few,
(And what I am told is by courtesy true,)
Who, badgered by Doctors, quite chemical grew,
And by rules scientific and principles new
(And very remarkable principles too),
Most medical mixtures endeavour to brew
Which are not even fit for a damnable Jew.
But this last remark I think's rather undue,
So I'd better retract, or perhaps might ensue
An action for slander brought by some Hebrew,
Who in a court Christian was willing to sue
'Gainst the line so obnoxious ;—that is if he knew
Who the author was, as he's at present anonymous,
What is called " keeping dark," the expression's synonymous,
" Idem et unum," as says Hieronymus :
(Those who think that St. Jerome did never promulgate
This remark, only show that they've not read the Vulgate.)

Now some people speak on
The praise of " Archdeacon,"
A Beer which is famous at Merton ;
And some still obey the Ale-monarchs' sway,
Who reign so triumphant at Burton :
But all who have travelled, and all who have drank hard,
Come back, like the Prodigal Son, to a tankard
Of Brasenose Ale, when sugar and spice
Judiciously blend to render it nice,

When nutmeg and ginger together combine,
With perhaps just a dash—a mere soupçon of wine,
To make it a beverage almost divine,
Fit for Bacchus himself, as I humbly opine,
Should that powerful Deity ever incline
Just for once with the Dons, who adore him, to dine :
If he did, I am sure he would think it expedient
To get the receipt of each subtle ingredient,
To take to Olympus with due expedition
Of various compounds this grand coalition,
As a gift to his Principal Bolt-hurling Jove
From the Brasenose Principal Cradock (late Grove)*.

How Jove would regale !

And each deity thirsty

Would drink till he burst ; he

Had never before tasted Brasenose Ale !—

But this “ coalition ” of which I now sing,
As all may observe, is a different thing
From that to which scorn is for ever affixed ;
(I allude to the porridge the Scotchman has mixed,
And which, though he'll probably burn himself soon,
For the present is stirred with the Autocrat's spoon.)
Yet points of resemblance there may be between
Prior's Beer, and the “ cauld kail ” of old “ Aberdeen.”
For instance, this liquor, without any doubt,
Is kept by the tankard from running about ;

* The present Principal changed his name from GROVE to CRADOCK.

And Aberdeen's porridge, 'tis equally clear,
Were Palmerston absent, would soon disappear ;
And thus, as in him all their fortunes are anchored,
I humbly submit that he's like the tankard.
The sharp acid lemon again will afford
A simile fitting for Palmerston's Lord,
Who the fat Oxford Dons from their slumber has woke,
And has made the rich citizens swallow their smoke.
As a real useful compound, it may suit the bard well
To find in the malt a resemblance to Cardwell ;
But the man, (or the compound,) who always must fill
The proudest position, is " Exchequer Bill ;"
Yes ! Gladstone's the hop plant who twined himself long
Round the hop pole at 'Tamworth so sturdy and strong.
With the farmers of England he cannot condole,
For he, like the needle, is true to his " pole ;"
He rides a high hobby with dangerous speed,
And " Anglican Church" is the name of his steed.
Yet the " seat," strange to say, was constructed to carry
The " Protestant Bulwark," good old Sir R. Harry :
But the pace was too killing, and lately we took a
Final farewell of his blue coat and bouquet.
Next little John' Russell, that prize-fighter rare,
To the nutmeg or ginger we well may compare ;
When laid on the shelf he's an innocent thing,
But let a tongue touch him—and out comes the sting !
If you grate him he bites you ; but who can refuse
To laugh when he annually barks for the Jews ?

"Give the devil* his due," we admire his courage.—
 Next, whom shall we find to resemble the burrage?
 Bernal Osborne's† the man, that political pickle!
 His use, like the burrage, is only to tickle;
 First-rate on a platform, but, when he has spoke,
 He leaves no impression beyond a good joke.
 Let us shake up the tankard: you'll see for a while
 A sediment rising,—like youthful Argyle,
 Or his Grace of Newcastle:—but let it remain
 And the sediment sinks to the bottom again.
 Now a certain resemblance I think you will own
 'Twixt some compounds of each coalition is shown.
 There are many besides, but for fear of their wrath
 I will only just add that they make up the froth;
 While floating about on the surface is seen
 A great piece of dry toast,—and that's old Aberdeen.

1854.

G. J. W.

* A mere proverbial expression—*of course*, his Lordship is not like a devil;—'*of course not.*'—*Printer's Devil*.

† Mr. Osborne cannot be altogether like the burrage, which has *no* taste; whereas Mr. Osborne has shown several instances of *bad taste*.

LET THE brown haunch, the ruby sirloin, be,
Knives, forks, and plates, and listen unto me.
Mine is no strain that wars against good cheer,
I hymn the praises of old Brasenose Beer.
Unworthy I of such a theme sublime,
Which worthier throats has filled from time to time.
Yet often have I drank thy wisdom in,
And now inspired by thee I fain would sing.
So I'll essay, and if perchance I fail,
You too your throats may fill with Brasenose Ale.

In days of old there was a giant swain,
Who came to Brasenose in Charles's reign :
The Childe of (H)ale, the Buttery was his haunt,
As shows a giant hand, huge, strong and gaunt.
Our men are now scarce less than was this one ;
The *Swain* is gone, but still we have his son.
Thou bring'st such men of weight to grace our Hall ;
And from thy influence may we never fall,
And we're not fallen, though true—too true—I fear,
That little *Potts* can never hold much beer.
Then let th' ill-natured snarl, or Man, or Don :
I smile, while thro' my teeth I say *Curze-on*.

Eight men each year by naval prowess show
That through thine aid they all have learnt to row :
And ever, while our boat shall keep its place,
Each man will say you made them go the pace.
But one word more (the dinner won't be cold) :—
Say what I may, thy glory's nigh untold :—
Is not thy proudest boast th' inspiring draught
Which the "pale student" has so often quaffed,
What time the dusky schools enclose their prey,
And sixteen men their fate learn in one day ?
What trembling limbs hast thou made strong again :
What fainting hearts, and brains that think in vain,
Warmed by thine influence have gone bravely through,
And done what they had never thought to do !
My strain is ended, and I've done my best ;
A flowing subject makes no standing jest :
Yet with my song should any not agree,
May they find joy in bitter raillery.

"Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis."—VIRGIL.

"One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste."—MILTON.

"Bring ale!—bring a flagon—a hogshead—a tun!
'Tis the same thing to you;
I have nothing to do;
And 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue."
INGOLDSBY.

OH! FOR a new beginning—a novel thought to vary
The matter, style, and metre of our Carmen Sæculare,
To aid the wight whom Brasenose hath chosen for the year
The Minstrel of her Buttery—the Laureate of her Beer.
"Fill high the cup" would scarcely be commencement good
to-night:
The injunction's very needless, the idea rather trite.
The War all deem a used-up theme, and fraught with omens
sinister:
'Twere more precipitate than wise to praise the new Prime
Minister.
Then if the present smile not—if the future be o'ercast—
An olden tale of Brasenose Ale we'll gather from the past.

It was on a Shrove Tuesday (if the date you wish to fix,
Three centuries since then have passed and years some forty-
six),

And savoury steamed the lordly beef, and gaily smoked the
mutton,

And by the side of Bishop Smyth sat stout Sir Richard Sutton.
In joyous mood our founders good applied them to their cheer ;
When there came the dismal tidilgs, " There isn't any Beer !"
Wroth was the Knight—words not polite expressed his indig-
nation ;

The Bishop dropt a gentle hint of excommunication :

Grimly he glared, as if he wished the College all to slaughter,
For he felt 'twas not episcopal to tipples toast and water.

He wished to Oxford ne'er he'd come, but stayed in Lincoln's
high city ;

" Indeed they heard one little word"—it wasn't "*Benedicite*."
When suddenly amid the row there came from out the Buttery
The semblance of an aged man : but deigning nought to utter
he

Stalked slow and silent up the Hall ; and awe struck each be-
holder,

As they marked the crown upon his brow, the ermine on his
shoulder.

He passed by flagon and by flask, by pitcher and by pail,
He touched them—and they sparkled to the brim with hot
spiced Ale :

And vanishing, before the Scouts knew what to say or do,
He melted like a jelly-fish—like a dissolving view.

Then every one began to ask, and nobody to tell—
 Who was he, whence and how and why he came—that spec-
 tral swell?

Till said the Bishop (taking, ere he let them understand,
 A long pull and a strong pull at the tankard in his hand):—
 “King Alfred (he who thrashed the Danes and gave us trial
 by jury)

“Had, as I’ve read in Hollinshed, upon this spot a Brewery :
 “He called it a *Brasinium* (though the King I’m far from
 slighting,

“I beg you’ll never put that word in a piece of Latin writing).
 “He’s just come here and given us Beer like that of which he
 drank hard.

“*Orate pro*”—the rest was lost within that massive tankard.
 ’Twas strange that night, the Bishop said, he never could for-
 get

How Cain and Abel seemed to do a dizzy pirouette ;
 Sir Richard had an *æger* on next day—not being well, he
 Affirmed upon his knightly word ’twas from the currant jelly.
 Still to maintain such matchless Beer a method they devised ;
 They sent to Dr. Daubeny and had it analysed :
 And thus to get that prime receipt these ancient Dons were able—
 The words in “Oxford Nightcaps” are—their products on the
 table.

And each Shrove Tuesday since that day has added to the tale
 Of deeds that Brasenose men can do inspired by Brasenose Ale.
 For to this generous liquor’s potent spell is due the praise
 Of all whom B. N. C. has reared in these and other days :

As Fox, the "Book of Martyrs" man—so slanged by Mr.
Churton—

Heber as Bard and Bishop famed—and Melancholy Burton :
'Twas this that made Tom Ingoldsby the queerest funniest
writer ;

Led Milman to a deanery, and Gilbert to a mitre :

'Tis this that bids us in the Schools defy the shafts of Fate,
And undiminished still maintains the glories of our "Eight."
And so we meet, year after year, a changed and changing crew ;
For every time its Freshmen hath, to whom the scene is new ;
And men depart (for whom a tear now glistens in my dimmer
eye),

And some to go to Sebastopol, and others go to "Skimmery."
Yet one the flagging Muse should name, nor pass unhonoured
o'er

The cheery laugh, the sparkling eye, that we may mark no
more ;

Though far away, Ulysses like, he tastes Phæacian cheer,
This night of old festivity his soul is with us here.

Drink, Gallants, drink!—but while the ale untasted yet is
glowing,

Let Memory turn to him that's gone—drink to the health of
BOWEN.

1855.

K. S.

“Quid illud gaudii est?”—TERENCE.

“‘Bring it,’ quoth the Cloud-compeller—
And the Wine-God brought the beer—
‘Port and claret are like water
To the noble stuff that’s here.’”—BON GUALTIER.

“Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.”—BISHOP STILL (1575.)

YES—it’s all very well for you dozens who’re here
For a glance at the Ode and a pull at the Beer—
Dons, Bachelors, Men—on these lyrics to turn
Your critical looks superciliously stern :
To make of their length or their shortness a crime ;
To cut up this sentence and question that rhyme.
But it’s no joke to do them : and (*experto crede*)
The subject has now got excessively seedy ;
When for years men have written to say they can’t write,
And to mourn for its triteness has grown very trite.
What a pity no vender has ever been found
Of jokes by the thousand, or songs by the pound—
No means of procuring an Ode ready-made—
Which we might perhaps do from one branch of the trade,

From those places we've lately read so much about,
 Where the Clergy get lithographed sermons turned out—
 Where spouters of Charges get scribblers to do 'em,
 Forgetting the difference of "*meum*" and "*Tuam*"—
 Those Ecclesiastical slop-shops, in fact,
 Whence announcements like these we may shortly expect:—
 "To Bishops and others in preaching unskilled.
 Keep your hearers awake and your churches well filled !
 Try our sermons ! they've not an unorthodox statement ;
 All marked in plain figures, from which no abatement.
 We've something on both sides of every dispute—
 Tea-meetings or Vespers—we're certain to suit :
 ' On the Westerton case' (either side—eighteen pence) ;
 ' Controversial' (when analysed, free from all sense) ;
 ' Quiet Grinds' (keep them dry—recommended for families) ;
 ' A sermon preached after the battle of Ramilies,'
 ('Twill suit any victory, altering the name,
 And the copyright nobody's living to claim).
 In person apply, or else send, in a letter, a
 Few words as to doctrine, dimensions, &c."

Now don't exclaim " Question !"—you cannot refuse
 A poetical ticket-of-leave to the Muse,
 By virtue of which any subject she reaches,
 Like Planchè's burlesques, or like Palmerston's speeches,
 Or the epilogue tacked to a Westminster play,
 (Facetious performances all in their way).

E'en so does the Muse, when elated with Beer,
Dash wildly at will o'er the themes of the year,
Unsteady of gait, and just pausing, when weary,
To mark some event by a note or a query.
(Not wholly unlike, we may say without malice, is
The style of that terminal bore—the Analysis ;
Where men seem to think, taking Donaldson's view,
The historical facts are remarkably few).

The Beer Bill's repealed ; the advice, " Go to Church,"
No more raises scenes like the sacking of Kertch :
No more in Hyde Park is a Whitechapel mob
Placed to teach the Police to score " one for his nob :"
But with us the Commission may perhaps interfere,
And endeavour " to rob a poor man of his beer."
Let them try it ! I fancy their efforts would fail ;
Though they're virtuous, we'd still have our pancakes and
Ale.

Yet even in Oxford we've had a reform,
Which might have got up quite a similar storm
'Gainst those cunning old shavers whose ordinance strips
The rust from our razors, the hair from our lips,
Whence bare as an egg is each countenance here ;
No moustache is now dripping with Brasenose Beer ;
Which ornament (swellish, yet somewhat *outré*)
Can be only assumed with the hood of B. A.

Ye statesmen of England, consistency's type,
Who of peace are so eagerly puffing the pipe,
How sage were your counsels, your treaties how clear,
Did you join to your smoking a sip of our Beer !
'Twould give our diplomatists sense and success ;
What the writers intended their notes would express ;
And playful young Pam would exulting declare
That our Brewin' had vanquished the Muscovite Bear.

Then change the measure, for the song no more is of the
present :

Since other days than ours have found this tipples very
pleasant :

And when our spiced potations have locked us all in sleep,
They say that phantoms in the Hall a wondrous revel keep.
Old Dons—who heard (with ecstasy) King James's Greek
oration,

And Men—who studied Aldrich, when a recent publication :
From shadowy Vice the tankard glides to unsubstantial Dean,
And Founders from the walls step down to mingle in the
scene.

And, with our own elixir filled to slake those elders' thirst,
There gleam the ghosts of all the cups we gave King Charles
the First.

And when our Benefactresses have melted off to Hades,
King Alfred rises to propose " The Duchess and the Ladies ;"
But, ere they vanish, with a faint sepulchral three times three,
Those spectres drink prosperity to glorious B.N.C.

Then may the year that passes before we meet again,
To hold our ancient festival, its choicest blessings rain
On merry England's noble realm and Gaul's confederate
nation,
And keep the Queen and Emperor in splendid preservation,
And guard the warlike Albert safe through every martial
danger,
And give the lovely Eugénie a welcome little stranger ;
And most on gallant Brasenose its dearest gifts bestow,
And save our Dons from growing fierce, our men from growing
slow ;
In racing-chart and class-list our old renown maintain,
By proofs from river and from schools of muscle and of brain ;
And nurse the brave old spirit yet, and many a deed to show it ;
And keep our Ale sublime as now, and raise a better poet.

1856.

K. S.

[A bold denizen of the Back Quadrangle, despising precedent,
composeth the following canticle.]

OF ALL the Tuesdays in the year,
Shrove Tuesday's mine most clearly ;
For then we get such lots of beer,
And I love beer most dearly.

I hope, too, that we shall not fail
To have the proper poem ;
Though, as for jokes on Brasenose Ale,
Why—hang it—we all know 'em.

For puns you'll find, if puns they be,
Connecting Beer with Bacon ;
Though if they meant our " Shoe-black," he
Will swear they were mistaken.

A sad tale, too, inspection tells
Of seedy jokes on " Prior ;"
And though we've got some deepish " Wells,"
Our poets still get drier.

" Dry Hedges" is a fav'rite jest,
And lasts them long together ;
And when they're very hardly press'd,
They use instead " dry Heather."

Now things like these perhaps were swell,
When first they were invented :
But still a change would be as well,
And make one more contented.

And since they've served so many years,
And with such good intentions,
Why, let 'em have three hearty cheers,
And nice retiring pensions. .

And if our poets can't devise
Some friends with fresher faces,
A London company supplies
"Right things for the right places."

The right men they can recommend
For Office, Bench, and Mitre ;
And, if required, no doubt they'd send
A first-rate Ale-verse writer.

But these remarks, I do protest,
Are by no means intended
For more than a suggestion, lest
"Rex Faber" feel offended.

Yet, though a minnow in the art
Of which he's such a Triton,
I hope he'll let me just impart
Some hints for him to write on.

In search of Beer, then, he must know—
Both home-brew'd, Bass, and Burton—
I've tried each College, high and low,
From Pembroke up to Merton.

I've had some practice, and at length
I'll lay a trifling wager
That of each tap I know the strength
As well as any guager.

At Worcester, as you might expect,
The strong beer is but mildish ;
And though the fact they don't detect,
Their " mild " is truly childish.

At Exeter I must presume
(Although I'm no alarmer)
That all the stuff which they consume
Was brew'd by William Palmer.*

At Balliol an accident,
(Although you may not know it),
Which spoilt the beer, to some extent
Accounts for Mr. Jowett.

A student versed in Arian lore
One day let fall his book in-
to the large vat, as he leant o'er
The edge, just for to look in.

And, strong in hops and heresy,
The beer, though they may'nt think it,
Has wholly Arianised the very se-
lect few who dare to drink it.

At Magdalen I attend a Don,
Who on alternate Mondays
Explains the " Novum Organon "
Which Blyth performs on Sundays.

* Not of Magdalen, but of Rugeley.

A friend stands lunch ; and you will find
Their tap first-rate for clearing
The powers perceptive of the mind,
As well as of the hearing.

At Merton they've a tidy brew,
Ycleped by them Archdeacon ;
Though, just between myself and you,
Its strength they mustn't weaken.

The state of beer at Butler's Hall
I really can't arrive at :
For though I tried, I couldn't call ;
The place did look so private.

Still, I would risk an even sov-
'reign that I should condemn it ;
To judge but by the appearance of
Its solitary J——.

So, once more calmly resting here,
I've learnt this by my labours,
That, after all, our Brasenose Beer
Is better than its neighbours.

And these researches I present
To any one who'll use them,
In hope that, as they're kindly meant,
He'll kindly not abuse them.

He'll find them help to shew the truth,
That honest ale won't hurt you ;
And prove to Undergraduate youth
That drinking it's a virtue.

I've done :—and leave him to explain
How in a doubtful crisis,
There's nought but Beer which can maintain
The headship on the Isis.

He must, by all means, too, connect
The late campaign's successes
With Brasenose Ale, which did effect
Those deeds which England blesses.

He'll show that men must not demur
To taxes for the Baltic ;
While we so gladly here incur
A more than double malt-tick.

He'll bid you o'er and o'er re-fill
Those tankards now before ye,
And drink them off with right goodwill
“ To England's fame and glory.”

And here's a moral for his tale ;
And may no time efface it :—
“ Who once has tasted Brasenose Ale
Will ne'er, for shame, disgrace it.”



the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major employer of women. In 1980, women made up 40% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 50%. This increase in the number of women in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of women in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people with disabilities. In 1980, people with disabilities made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people with disabilities in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people with disabilities in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from ethnic minorities. In 1980, people from ethnic minorities made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from ethnic minorities in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from ethnic minorities in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower social classes. In 1980, people from the lower social classes made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower social classes in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower social classes in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower income groups. In 1980, people from the lower income groups made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower income groups in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower income groups in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower education levels. In 1980, people from the lower education levels made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower education levels in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower education levels in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower health status. In 1980, people from the lower health status made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower health status in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower health status in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower life expectancy. In 1980, people from the lower life expectancy made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower life expectancy in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower life expectancy in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower quality of life. In 1980, people from the lower quality of life made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower quality of life in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower quality of life in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower standard of living. In 1980, people from the lower standard of living made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower standard of living in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower standard of living in the workforce.



